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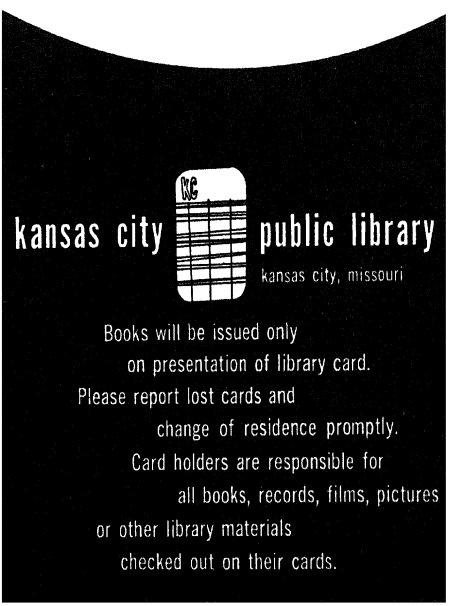

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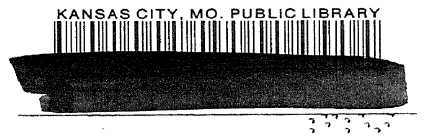

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Great Lives

NEW YORK
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
1933

Made *and* printed *in* Great Britain
By The Camelot Press Ltd
London *and* Southampton

TO
MY MOTHER

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CHRONOLOGY

1841....John Rowlands born, Denbigh, Wales.

1847....Taken to St. Asaph Union Workhouse.

1856....Runs away from workhouse.

1859....Lands in America penniless.
Adopted by Henry Stanley and takes his name.

1861....Enlists in the Dixie Grays on opening of American Civil War.

1862....Enlists in the U.S. Artillery service; prostrated with dysentery, discharged from service.
Returns to England.

1863....Returns to America.

1864....Enlists in U.S. Navy and attends attack on Fort Fisher.

1865....Leaves Navy.

1866....Travels down the Platte river.
Makes abortive attempt to explore Asia.

1867....Accompanies General Hancock's expedition against the American Indians (as a reporter).

1868....Accompanies the British Army to Abyssinia on behalf of *New York Herald.*

1869....Travels in Spain; visits Suez Canal; up the Nile; proceeds to Palestine, Turkey, the Crimea.

1871....Arrives at Zanzibar (January) on quest for Livingstone.
Achieves his purpose.

1872....Returns from Livingstone expedition to England.
Lectures in America.

1873....Special Correspondent on Ashantee campaign.

1874....Returns from Ashantee War; hears of Livingstone's death; obtains commission from *Daily Telegraph* and departs for Africa.

1877....Arrives at Boma, having crossed Africa from East to West, visited Uganda, circumnavigated the Victoria Nyanza and Lake Tanganyika, and traced the course of the Congo river.
Returns to Europe to make plans for the development of the newly discovered river.

1879....Returns to Africa to work as pioneer on behalf of King Leopold and the International African Association.

1882....Returns to Europe to report and then back to Africa to continue State-building.

1885....Returns to Europe, having established Congo Free State, and attends Berlin Conference.

1887....Assumes command of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition and leaves for Africa.

1888....Reaches Equatoria and relieves Emin.

1889....Returns to Bagamoyo with Emin Pasha and remains of the expedition, having three times passed through the Ituri Forest.

1890....Returns to Europe, having written *In Darkest Africa.*
Marries Dorothy Tennant.
Lectures in America.

1891....Visits Australia.

1892....Contests North Lambeth as Liberal-Unionist candidate.

1895....Elected M.P. for North Lambeth and takes seat.

1897....Visits South Africa to assist in opening the Buluwayo Railway.

1899....Purchases Furze Hill as country seat and begins alterations.
Created G.C.B.

1903....Furze Hill alterations completed.
Enters into possession and is shortly after struck by paralysis.

1904....Death.
Burial in Pirbright churchyard.

CHAPTER I

THE ADVENTURER

IN the January of 1871, when the German armies were encamped round Paris waiting for the city to surrender, and half Europe was trying to foresee the consequences of Napoleon the Third's downfall, a short, square-headed, self-confident young American, giving his name as Henry M. Stanley, disembarked from a small whaling brigantine at the island of Zanzibar, the principal trading-place of the east coast of Africa. He was accompanied by a Scottish navigator, one William Lawrence Farquhar, whom he had engaged for an undefined service a few months before, and Selim, an Arab boy from Jerusalem. The stranger's visiting-card gave the information that he represented the *New York Herald*, but what his particular business was no one was allowed to know ; and, to questions concerning his destination, the bland answer was returned that he was travelling into Africa. So much was plain enough, for immediately upon arrival the newcomer set about arranging a caravan for journeying into the interior. Uncommunicative but energetic, he

interrogated many Arab merchants concerning the hinterland and, under their direction, purchased those goods which, from the books of previous explorers, he knew would be necessary for his purpose. With a promptness and efficiency that surprised the Europeans resident in the island, he completed his arrangements within a month of his arrival and departed for the mainland with his plans still undisclosed, having added to his retinue William John Shaw, lately third mate of an American ship, and two dozen native soldiers or servants, including such survivors as he could find of those " Faithfuls " who had accompanied Burton and Speke to discover Tanganyika. From this it was deduced that his intentions were vaguely geographical.

A close observer might have deduced something of Stanley's character, as well as his intentions, even on that short acquaintance. Profound though the traveller's reserve was, it did not disguise his complete contempt for half-castes and for those who lacked the indomitable energy which he regarded as characteristic of Europeans and Americans. Nor did it hide a natural lack of humour, nor a slight but ever active suspicion of his fellows. He seemed always on his guard. What his education had been, what his antecedents were, remained as much a mystery as his

plans ; but there was clearly something unusual, though not readily to be defined, about this man, so unaccountably indifferent to drink and the usual temptations. For the rest, his steady gaze and general bearing indicated a stable, strong-willed personality not easily disturbed or disconcerted ; and he was obviously an experienced traveller and man of the world, possessed of good credit and great self-control.

At that time the methods of African exploration still closely followed those of the Arab traders – who were mostly slave-traders. It was necessary to carry rolls of cloth of various kinds and qualities, beads of several types and colours, and coils of brass wire, to exchange for sustenance with natives by the way and offer as tribute to chiefs through whose territory it was required to pass. To convey these goods, porters were needed ; and to protect them, an armed bodyguard. It was in this manner that the young American proposed to proceed. He had obtained the bodyguard and the material for barter in Zanzibar ; the porters, after some vexatious delays, were procured at Bagamoyo, the regular point of departure into the interior. Divided into five caravans in order to avoid the appearance of excessive wealth, the expedition began in mid-February to file away inland, with its destination

and purpose still unknown, even to the two white men who acted as its lieutenants. The young American had under his command 153 carriers, 27 donkeys, 2 horses, 23 soldiers, 8 odd men, and the two sailors; and carried 22 sacks of beads, 350 lbs. of brass wire, over 30,000 yards of cloth and sheeting, 2 boats and a cart, as well as tents, instruments, medicine, guns, pistols, swords, daggers, spears, axes and knives.

It was well said in the 'eighties of the last century that "a wheel at present would be as great a novelty in Central Africa as a polar bear." The unit of transport was the human foot, and this variously laden expedition, with all its equipment in bundles on the heads of its porters, followed the native paths – one of the astonishments of Africa, which, though seldom more than ten inches wide, were worn by centuries of traffic to the hardness of a metalled road, and formed a network unsurpassed even in civilised countries.

But, despite these remarkable footpaths, which linked village to village and tribe to tribe, Stanley's task, even to reach the first rendezvous he had arranged for his five caravans, was not an easy one. Many of the native chiefs proved far more extortionate in their demands for tribute than had been anticipated. From the first desertions were numerous, for a principal inducement in the

minds of native porters when joining such an expedition was the hope of running away as soon as possible with as much as could be carried. Moreover, Arab raiders, owing to their possession of firearms, had for years devastated the interior of Africa in the quest for slaves and ivory; consequently, even near the coast, the natives were resentful or likely to be actively hostile to strangers and travellers. Further, the coast belt of country was saturated with malaria, and it was not long before all the three whites of the party went down with fever. To make matters worse, the march was begun just before the rainy season; the path led through the Makata valley, which was converted by the weather to a thirty-mile swamp in which the heavily laden porters had to wade waist-deep for hours at a time, trying to keep their balance, and the burdens on their heads dry. Both the horses and many of the donkeys died; the specially made cart had to be thrown away. Finally Farquhar fell mortally ill, and though Stanley gathered from his medical book that his assistant was suffering from either heart, liver, or kidney disease, unfortunately he could not tell which.

Nevertheless this American newspaper-representative kept his force in hand. Balzac, who admired will so much, would have approved

the power of self-command with which he forced himself, even when tired and sick, to march and to make his men march. His methods were firm-handed, for during his thirty-one years of life he had been taught time and again, under many skies, the efficacy of force. Recalcitrant porters soon found that their short, amiable-looking leader was not a man to be trifled with ; he noted in his journal that " when mud and wet sapped the physical energy of the lazily inclined, a dog-whip [upon] their backs restored them to a sound – sometimes to an extravagant – energy." Indeed, later upon the march, when the desertions began to endanger his safety, Mr. Stanley borrowed a slave-chain from an Arab caravan which for a time had accompanied his, and did not hesitate to use it. Difficulties which would have overwhelmed lesser men left him undismayed. This side of his temperament can be judged by his cool observation : " Though the water has a slimy and greenish appearance, and is well populated with frogs, it is by no means unpalatable." Three months after its start from Bagamoyo the expedition arrived at its first resting-place, Unyanyembe, 350 miles from the coast.

But distance cannot always be measured in terms of time or mileage. Those first three months, and 350 miles of travel inland, were to Stanley

his African apprenticeship, and they left him separated by metaphorical years from the man who had set out on the secret mission. With neither of his white companions could he keep in close touch; they were in charge of separate caravans while he brought up the rear. As week after week he left civilisation farther behind, he was more and more thrown upon his own company and resources. This self-dependence, which might have demoralised a weak nature, worked very otherwise with him. It produced "a delightful tranquillity" in his soul to be free of European trammels; not to care what Governments stood or fell, what the news of Courts and cities was. Every day brought its new experience and its new problems, in the solution of which the whole man was concentrated. To be independent of criticism, safe from possibility of ridicule, and free to grapple with events; to be not only his own master but also the master of others; this life, despite the heat, malaria, and various trials of Africa, suited Stanley. He grew and hardened.

Yet there remained a sharp lesson for him to learn in Unyanyembe. The path west was blocked by a war which broke out between the Arabs and a native chief, Mirambo. Thinking by his intervention to decide the issue quickly, Stanley joined his arms to the Arabs and marched

with them in what was expected to be a campaign of easy victory. The event proved quite the contrary; the out-generalled Arabs were badly defeated in the first engagement and bolted for safety without warning to Stanley, who was nearly captured. Meanwhile, Farquhar, who had been left ailing from that undefined complaint in the care of a friendly native chief, had died; and Shaw, listless and apathetic, seemed likely to follow him. The closing of the western road forced Stanley to recast his plans; and, to hearten his remaining lieutenant, he now disclosed to him the real purpose of their mission. It was the seeking out and relief of David Livingstone.

How the relief of Livingstone, the most famous of all African travellers, and the first European to cross the continent from side to side, had become the charge of an American journalist is a story in itself. Five years earlier the missionary-explorer had set out to resolve the problem of the watershed between the Nyassa and Tanganyika lakes. A few months after his departure, Musa, the chief of his porters, reached the coast with a handful of men and the news of his master's death. It appeared that the expedition had crossed Lake Nyassa and was pushing west into dangerous country when it encountered a mixed band of hostile natives. Livingstone, a fast walker, was

ahead of his baggage-laden troop, accompanied only by a few followers ; so that when three assailants closed with him his skull was cleft by an axe-blow from behind after he had shot down two of the savages in front. The body was found by the porters later, and Musa related that the murderers had respected the missionary in death by leaving his trousers ! Leaderless, the survivors fled, and after interesting vicissitudes reached safety and the coast.

An account so circumstantial was naturally believed, and caused widespread sorrow, for African exploration was to the nineteenth century what the conquest of the air is to the twentieth – a demonstration of invincible human spirit. Sir Roderick Murchison, however, the President of the Royal Geographical Society, was unconvinced ; and so constant were his criticisms of the murder-story that a boat expedition was sent in 1867 by way of the Zambezi to discover whether or not Musa had lied. On the return of this search-party, Edward Daniel Young, who commanded it, was able to say with certainty that Musa had lied, and that though the expedition had not been able to reach Livingstone, the explorer was undoubtedly *not* murdered by the Mazitu, nor by any other tribe, at the place named by Musa, but had gone on in safety far beyond. The

truth was that the porter and his companions, after deserting their leader, had invented the fable of his death to account for their own reappearance. Indeed, in 1868, delayed letters from Livingstone himself attested his well-being and his wants. He was anxious to explore an unvisited lake farther inland and link up the river-sources he had discovered with the Nile, seven hundred miles away. To do this he needed sheeting, cloth and beads for barter, and some new shoes. For some time thereafter vague rumours that he was still living in difficulties near the lake filtered through to Zanzibar and so to Europe, but no more was heard directly from the distant explorer, and it was widely assumed that after all, in one way or another, he had met his death. Such faint reports as reached the Press indicated that he had married an African princess and settled down in the wilds; that he was a prisoner; and that he was mad.

In view of this uncertainty, James Gordon Bennett, Jr., manager of the *New York Herald*, a journal which at that time made a speciality of "sensations," conceived the notion of sending out an expedition on behalf of his newspaper which should settle any doubt of Livingstone's survival by personal contact. His motives were admittedly less philanthropic than enterprising;

and the announcement, only made when his emissary Stanley was well inland, that an American newspaper had sent its special correspondent to relieve the famous English missionary, was displeasing to British pride and raised an unexpected hornets' nest about Bennett's ears. Jealous rival editors affected disbelief that any such expedition existed; others consoled themselves with the thought that it was bound to fail. Livingstone's friends in London were startled into action, and an appeal was made to the English Government for funds to fit out an expedition. On the refusal of this proposal, the Royal Geographical Society opened a subscription, with the aid of Livingstone Relief Committees in various centres, and a substantial sum of money was secured for the purpose of carrying out the plan which Bennett had had the temerity to devise. Meanwhile, both Bennett and Stanley were denounced as humbugs who were attempting to gain notoriety at the expense of a great man.

These developments were, of course, unknown to Stanley as, far away in Africa, sitting needle in hand after his defeat by Mirambo, he disclosed the nature of his commission, and its probable consequences, to the sailor Shaw, dilating with fervour upon the fame and reward that waited if they could accomplish the task. But Shaw did

not share his leader's vision; his strength was failing, and not even the strong punch of sugar and eggs seasoned by spice and lemons with which Stanley seconded his arguments could make his enthusiasm lasting. A few days later he begged in tears to be allowed to return, and left the expedition, to die.

Stanley was a man of very different composition. If he could not effect his purpose with Shaw he would do it without. From Arab reports it appeared probable that Livingstone had returned to Ujiji, on the shores of Lake Tanganyika; and Stanley determined to make a flying march thither with a few followers, circling the country controlled by Mirambo, and leaving the greater part of his stores behind. It was a manœuvre he was to repeat later in life with less success: this time his luck held. During the march he had some trouble with his followers and was so heavily blackmailed by the chiefs of Uhha that he chose to leave the path and make a new way through the jungle to avoid their villages and their demands; but the day came, with no grave intervening mishap, when he saw, between trees, and flanked by blue-black mountains, the silver shield of Tanganyika. Burton, Speke and Livingstone were the only Europeans known to have seen it before him. Thence to Ujiji was a step. The

Stars and Stripes was unfurled ; and volley after volley fired into the air by the jubilant travellers announced to the Arabs, Wangwana, Warundi, Waguhha, Wanyanyuema and the rest of the miscellaneous inhabitants that a caravan had arrived. The salute of Livingstone's servant from amid the crowd assured Stanley that he had successfully accomplished his quest ; and with a wildly beating heart, and rapid, sanguine hopes, he proceeded impassively down the living avenue of onlookers to the semicircle of Arabs, with whom stood a pale and weary European, grey-moustached, and dressed in a red sleeved waistcoat, tweed trousers and a bluish naval cloth cap with a faded gold band round it. Walking deliberately up, with characteristic self-control Stanley lifted his hat and offered a salutation that became famous : "Dr. Livingstone, I presume ?" "Yes," was the reply. "I thank God, doctor, I have been allowed to see you," Stanley continued. Livingstone answered that he was thankful to be there to offer welcome, and then, after introducing the newcomer to the Arabs, led him to the verandah of his house. Two hundred and thirty-six days had passed since Stanley started from Bagamoyo.

When the two travellers were at last alone, and Livingstone had glanced at his letters, he asked

for news of Europe. Stanley had much to tell him ; the completion of the Pacific railroad ; the Cretan rebellion ; the Spanish revolution which drove Isabella from the throne ; Prussia's victory over Austria, annexation of Schleswig-Holstein, campaign against the French and siege of Paris : these and other happenings were recounted and discussed before Stanley left the missionary for the night. Both slept well ; and next morning the *Herald's* representative explained his mission. Livingstone's surprise that he was an object of such interest to an American newspaper-proprietor did not diminish his gratitude for Stanley's presence and the goods that he was told waited at Unyanyembe. In return he related in detail the story of his adventures and discoveries in the time that had passed since his departure with the unveracious Musa from Mikindany Bay : of his stay with the Cazembe of Lunda, who received him in a prodigious crimson kilt, and of the Cazembe's handsome queen, who was so altogether odd in appearance that at sight of her Livingstone burst into laughter, in which she promptly joined ; of the white-bearded Mohammed bin Sali, whom he had rescued from detention, with the result that the wretched half-caste bribed Livingstone's followers to desert to him with the physical favours of his concubines ; of

his visits to unknown Rua, rich in copper, and Manyuema, where the natives, ignorant of the value of ivory, used tusks as doorposts and supports for eaves. Much of his recital was geographical ; he told long stories of lakes and waterways he had discovered ; of the Chambezi River, which on Portuguese information he had supposed to be identical with the Zambesi, until months of labour taught him otherwise ; of the connected chain of lakes which stretched westward, and his journeyings round them ; but most of all he spoke of the Lualaba, an astonishing river from one to three miles broad, flowing northward and westward, and in some places southward, in the most confusing fashion, which he had traced through various lakes to a point 200 miles from Ujiji, whence he had been compelled to retreat by the refusal of his men to go farther. This vast, unknown river Livingstone believed to be the long-sought head water of the Nile, and he burned to test his theory ; but on his return to Ujiji he found that his property had been wrongfully sold off for ivory, so that he had been left virtually without means till Stanley opportunely arrived. Now, replenished and able once more to travel, he proposed to make another start.

To all this Stanley listened with deep attention, inspired as much by the personality of the speaker

as by his stories. Many and various though his wanderings had been, Stanley had never encountered a man so remarkable or so gifted as this Scottish missionary turned explorer. In Europe his name was one of wonder; now, met in the flesh, he did not disappoint. There was much in his history, as in his character, to rouse Stanley's sympathies. Great-grandson of a Jacobite who fell at Culloden, grandson of an impoverished farmer, son of a pious travelling tea-merchant, Livingstone learned Latin when a ten-year-old cotton-piecer, and Greek and medicine while still a spinning-hand. Fascinated by travel literature, he volunteered for missionary service and was duly ordained. He took also a medical degree. From his twenty-eighth year onwards he spent almost the whole of his life in Africa; and gradually the record of his adventures and vicissitudes, his geographical discoveries, his opposition to the slave-trade and his successful benevolence to natives, attracted the admiration of the English people. On his first return home he was flattered and lionised, though, later, officialdom grew cold to his disinterested enthusiasm. Palmerston made him consul for the central parts of Africa, not on generous terms. But almost any terms were acceptable to Livingstone, such was his devotion to his work; and this devotion, the record and

example of his life, and his great practical efficiency (he could take the lunar observations and altitudes for time in fifteen minutes, and his geographical research was of the first excellence) fascinated the American journalist. Together, the two white men made a survey by canoe of the north end of Lake Tanganyika ; and during the three weeks so occupied Livingstone again and again caused his companion to refrain from the heavy-handedness and resentment natural to his temperament. Stanley's religious sense, which had been revived by much reading of the Bible on his way across Africa, was sharply stimulated by Livingstone's zeal. Nevertheless, the younger man recognised instinctively that his way with natives could never be Livingstone's : he had learned the lessons of life in too hard a school.

The time came for Stanley to return, but Livingstone was unwilling to accompany him. Engrossed by the unsolved problems of his lakes and vast river, the lonely, ageing Scotsman, though nearing his sixtieth year, resolved upon another attempt to penetrate the unknown country that held the answer. When he had completed his task he would return to Europe : not before. In the face of this resolution, which no argument could shake, the wisest course seemed to be that Livingstone should accompany Stanley

back to Unyanyembe, and there take possession of his own goods and the latter's surplus stores. This was agreed. The journey was accomplished under Stanley's leadership without mishap ; and fourteen months after his first arrival at Zanzibar, Stanley parted from the explorer he had come so far to find, thrilling with the knowledge that he had successfully accomplished a feat which with luck would make him famous. Many high ambitions and hopes revolved together in the breast of the resolute journalist as he made his slow way back to civilisation, but none resembling in the least the extraordinary destiny that waited for him in the following twenty years.

Surprises soon started. At the coast the first European to salute the returned wanderer was Lieutenant Henn, chief of an authorised Livingstone Search and Relief Expedition about to be despatched by the Royal Geographical Society, a little late, to find and relieve Livingstone ! As has been said already, this rival rescue-party had been brought into being, in almost comic fashion, by the publication of Stanley's despatches from Unyanyembe, which disclosed his plans. On the assumption that the interfering amateur would fail, a magnificent " official " expedition, well equipped by public subscription, was brought

together. It proved to be an expensive assumption. The original commander of this official expedition, Lieutenant Dawson, threw up his post when Stanley's advance courier brought the news that he had found and relieved Livingstone already. Later the second leader, Lieutenant Henn, in turn withdrew from an adventure with so marked an air of anti-climax ; so did the Rev. Charles New ; and the command devolved upon Livingstone's son Oswell, who also ultimately gave up his intention of following in Stanley's footsteps. The goods of the Dawson expedition were sold off at heavy loss, and it devolved upon Stanley to gather a new squad of porters to be despatched to the waiting Livingstone at Unyanyembe. Yet another relief expedition was, however, organised under Commander Verney Lovett Cameron, who accomplished a great march across Africa and made one of the best geographical guesses on record, but he did not see Livingstone. Stanley was the last white man to see David Livingstone alive.

The news of his feat provoked applause and an instant storm. Sir Henry Rawlinson, the new President of the Royal Geographical Society, wrote to *The Times* that it was not true that Stanley had discovered Livingstone but that Livingstone had discovered Stanley ! Others

went further. There were calls for a sifting of the explorer's story by experts ; at a meeting of the Geographical Section of the British Association, the President, after hearing Stanley's address, remarked coldly that they were not met to listen to sensational stories but to serious facts. Doubts were even raised as to whether the letters from Livingstone which Stanley produced might not be forgeries. The astonished and mortified discoverer was forced to ask Livingstone's son to certify his father's letters and journals, and Lord Granville, at the Foreign Office, to authenticate his despatches. Granville did more ; he conveyed " Her Majesty's high appreciation of the prudence and zeal which you have displayed in opening a communication with Dr. Livingstone," accompanied by Her Majesty's gift of a golden snuff-box set with brilliants ; but still the tide of unfriendly comment flowed. Extraordinary rumours of Stanley's past history were circulated : he was an American deserter ; he was not an American at all ; his name was not truly Stanley ; he was a runaway workhouse brat.

These latter charges Stanley met with silence ; they were true.

CHAPTER II

THE OUTCAST

TWENTY-FIVE years before this African feat disturbed the composure of the Royal Geographical Society, a grey-eyed, chubby Welsh boy of six was told by Dick Price, the son of the aged couple to whose care he had been confided, that he was to visit his Aunt Mary. The way seemed long to the child, but he was cajoled into patience until the pair reached a vast stone building with iron gates, where he was put into the hands of a sombre-faced stranger, pending (as was said) the coming of Aunt Mary. But Aunt Mary did not come; for little John Rollant, whose father was dead, whose mother was poor, had been lodged by his guardians in the St. Asaph Union Workhouse. It took John some time to learn the unimportance of tears in a workhouse; from the sense of betrayal which the form of his induction produced he never recovered. Forty-five years later, his resentment against the man who had led him with a false story to that iron door, and sowed the first seeds of distrust in the child's heart,

burned as bright as when the offence was new.

John Rollant, or Rowlands, as he was called, had not come to an easy school. "The ready backslap in the face, the stunning clout over the ear, the strong blow with the open palm on alternate cheeks," were prominent among the methods of instruction (as also were the cane, ruler and birch) employed by the one-handed master, an ex-collier who ended his sadistic career in lunacy. Yet, despite canings, floggings and hard labour, little Rowlands thrived. His instruction was principally religious and industrial; "spade industry, gardening, tailoring, and joiner's work." The growing boy manifested a passion, not always popular, for order and cleanliness; and an instinctive religious sense. He was a bright lad: a visiting bishop gave him a Bible for his skill in drawing; his mimetic gift was marked; his recitations were much admired, and he led the choir. At ten he was head of the school, such as it was; at fifteen he ran away.

His grandfather, to whom the runaway first applied, told him coldly that he could do nothing for him and pointed, with reversed pipe, to the door. That action, too, was one that the boy never forgave when he grew up. Various other relatives proved no more helpful though less insulting. Finally the outcast was taken in by

a schoolmaster-cousin as a pupil teacher. The schoolmaster's mother, however, the veritable Aunt Mary, was displeased by the arrangement, and John was glad to seek refuge with another aunt in Liverpool. There, failing work, he shipped as cabin-boy on a sailing-vessel bound for New Orleans. On the way across he was taught for the second time, by the two mates and his fellow cabin-boy, the efficacy of force in governing men.

At New Orleans a shipmate, showing young Rowlands round the town, took the boy to a brothel. Shocked, he fled, and returned to the ship. In those days cabin-boys were expected, on that line at least, to run away on touching port and so forfeit the wages due to them. Steps were taken to induce John Rowlands to follow this unwritten rule, and he landed penniless. Wandering by the custom-house, he appealed to the first person he saw for work. Touched by the forlornness of the bright, attractive boy (he was seventeen), the broker he had accosted recommended him to a shipping merchant, in whose store he became a clerk. There, for the first time in his life, the runaway enjoyed freedom from restraint, and set to work with such will and intelligence that he rapidly won the good opinion of his employer. The good-natured and childless

broker also maintained an interest in his energetic protégé, who had taken to furious reading ; and, a few months later, after the death of his wife, adopted the eighteen-year-old youth as his son and baptised him anew as Henry Stanley.

For a year young Stanley travelled with this unexpected foster-father, absorbed in learning, and happy in the consciousness of an assured future. His quick wits, natural memory and general acuteness were remarkable ; and the care and company of the intelligent elder man completed the education that St. Asaph's had begun. In 1860 Stanley was sent to Arkansas to learn the business of a country merchant, while the broker set off for Cuba to adjust affairs with his brother. Father and son never met again. Mr. Stanley died suddenly in 1861, though his foster-son did not discover the fact till many years later, for meanwhile the American Civil War had opened, and young Stanley, on receiving a parcel containing a negress's chemise and petticoat, the Southerner's equivalent of a white feather, entered the Dixie Grays as a Confederate volunteer.

The profanity and rowdy life of camp broke down the religious impulse which had so far been a constant factor in his development. Private H. M. Stanley hardened with the rest, became

an efficient soldier, and was captured by the enemy on the bloody field of Shiloh. In later years he gave a painful description and indictment of the treatment of the prisoners of war, who died by thousands in their insanitary camp. Despairing of escape, he enrolled himself in the artillery service of his captors, thus becoming a deserter; but after a few days went down with dysentery, and, in June 1862, was discharged from the service, a wreck. Unable to discover his foster-father, of whose death Stanley was still unaware, he took ship to Liverpool and made his way, in poor health and shabby clothes, to his mother's house in Denbigh, only to be told that he was a disgrace in the eyes of neighbours and asked to go. The details of this incident offer a strong supposition that, in addition to his other misfortunes, John Rowlands was of illegitimate birth. Whether or no that was the case, it is certain that this final rebuff congealed the renamed Henry Stanley's susceptible and emotional nature into the reserve, self-constraint and suspicion which were very noticeable in his later life.

For the next nine years – until, in fact, the January of 1871, when he landed in Zanzibar – Stanley became an adventurous rolling stone, ready for any enterprise in any quarter of the

globe. From Denbigh he returned to America, joined the merchant service and was shipwrecked off Barcelona, where the crew was lost and he swam naked to shore. He enlisted in the United States Navy, became a ship's writer and so stumbled into a career of journalism which lasted half his life. He saw General Butler attack Fort Fisher from the sea; accompanied Hancock and Sherman in the expedition to impose the reservation treaties on the American Indians, and heard the pathetic, eloquent protests of Black Foot and Santanta against the white man's interference with their tribes. With a companion, he made an abortive attempt to explore Asia.

A turning-point in his life came when, having by hard work and economy saved six hundred pounds, he accepted an offer from the *New York Herald* to report the Abyssinian War of 1868, at his own charges but with a liberal payment and permanent post if his letters contained early and exclusive news. A private arrangement which Stanley made with the chief of the telegraph office at Suez served him even better than he can have anticipated, for, after his despatch giving details of King Theodore's defeat and suicide had been cabled off in advance of all others, the cable broke, and for weeks not another word could pass. Even the British Government learned of the fall of

Magdala from Stanley's cable. It was an astonishing stroke of fortune for a correspondent on probation, and Stanley got his post. Thereafter commissions came quickly. He was sent to examine the Suez Canal, then fast approaching completion; to Crete, to report the insurrection; to Greece, to describe a royal baptism and the temples and ruins; up the Nile; to Spain, where he witnessed the revolution of 1868 and was so fascinated by the street fighting that he could not look away; to Syria and Jerusalem, to Constantinople and the Crimea, to Persia and India, and so at last, a little more than ten years after his parting from his foster-father, to Zanzibar and Africa to find Livingstone. He was still not yet thirty-one.

During that adventurous decade the high-spirited, ingenuous, gifted boy had become a resolute, reserved and talented man, with an almost morbid sensitiveness to gossip and ridicule. His pretended American citizenship concealed the secret of his birth; the patina of travel, and his later studies, offset his original lack of education, which he disguised, also, by vague references to his "Northern upbringing" and "college"; but he was ever ready to believe that he was unfavourably regarded and to resent it. "This is the third time within fourteen months that

I have known Englishmen who, after being polite to my face, [have] slandered me behind my back. This soulless gossip is to be dreaded," reads one of his notes ; and another, even more revelatory, asserts : " a strange coincidence, which has since been so common with me that I accept it as a rule. When I pray for a man, it happens that at that moment he is cursing me ; when I praise, I am slandered ; if I command, I am reviled ; if I feel affectionate or sympathetic towards one, it is my fate to be detested or scorned by him. I first noticed this curious coincidence on board the *Windermere*." This is the language of the inferiority complex, of the man who is convinced that his fellows are set against him for no motive, that an unreasonable prejudice of class will bar his prospects or happiness. But, though Stanley felt all this, it did not dim his determination to succeed and make his mark. His ambition was fanned by his adverse circumstances, and can be measured by his phrases to a friend in 1869 : " I mean, by attention to my business, by self-denial, by indefatigable energy, to become, by this very business, my own master and that of others. . . . Pleasure cannot blind me, cannot lead me astray from the path I have chalked out. I am so much my own master that I am master over my own passions. . . . I have nothing to fall back upon

but energy and much hopefulness. But, so long as my life lasts, I feel myself so much master of my own fortune that I can well understand Cæsar's saying to the sailors: 'Nay, be not afraid, for you carry Cæsar and his fortunes.' I could say the same: 'My body carries Stanley and his fortunes.'" When these words are pondered, the fact that their author survived the hardships that killed Shaw the sailor and the navigator Farquhar, and reached Livingstone alone, ceases to be surprising.

CHAPTER III

THE EXPLORER

DESPITE the opposition of those whom Stanley called "armchair geographers," the publication of his account of the successful relief of Livingstone, told with the frankness and detail that were his best gifts as a writer, made the American a public, though perhaps an unpopular, hero. The Royal Geographical Society conferred its gold medal on him, an honour which the recipient seems to have accepted in the spirit in which it was bestowed; it is not mentioned in his autobiography. After completing a lecture tour in England and America, he accompanied Sir Garnet Wolseley's expedition against the Ashantees as a special correspondent; and, returning after the successful conclusion of the war, learned, on the way home, of Livingstone's death at Ilala, near Lake Bangweolo, less than a year after their parting in Unyanyembe. Stanley did not need even to glance at the map to know that the problem of the Lualaba, which Livingstone had remained in Africa to solve, was still left open; and he at

once resolved to try his hand. The solemn burial of Livingstone's remains in Westminster Abbey (at which Stanley was a foremost pall-bearer), and the story of their fifteen-hundred-mile journey in the care of his faithful native followers, once more made the Dark Continent (the adjective was Stanley's) a topic of the hour; and the American had little difficulty in procuring a commission from the *Daily Telegraph* and the *New York Herald* to make a journey of discovery on their account.

This time there was no secrecy as to his intentions; on the contrary, both the journals which were financing the expedition proudly announced his hopes and plans. A great deal still remained to be discovered regarding Africa. A description published in 1829 opens thus: "Africa, that vast peninsula, the coasts of which have been circumnavigated by the ships of Europe for more than three centuries, still presents to the eye of science, as regards its interior recesses, a blank in geography. The spirit of enterprise has opened the way for civilisation through the primeval forests of the American continent, has traversed the boundless Steppes of the south, and planted cities in the heart of the Andes. But the rivers of Africa have hitherto afforded no inlet to its central regions; and the fiery deserts which extend from Egypt to the Atlantic have proved a barrier

against the march of conquest or of civilisation more impassable than the frozen wilds of Siberia, or the Himalaya itself." These words were still half true forty-five years later, when Stanley received his commission to make a journey of exploration. The Zambezi and the lesser lakes had been explored by Livingstone, but his Lualaba problem, and all that went with it, remained unsolved. Speke had discovered the Victoria Nyanza in 1858, but many critics, including his erstwhile companion Burton, had thrown doubt or ridicule on the claim that it was nearly as large as Scotland in extent. The upper reaches of the Congo were unexplored beyond the point reached by Capt. James Tuckey in 1816, and the huge region between Nyangwe and the Congo mouth was untraversed. The "Dark Continent," despite Cameron's cut across it, was still a magnificent opportunity for an observer with the power to survey and survive.

The September of 1874 saw Stanley back in Zanzibar gathering goods and porters for his new expedition on a far larger scale than when he set forth to find Livingstone. The total of his force was 356 persons, and the weight of its equipment exceeded eight tons. By November, despite the usual delays and desertions, he was on the move, and in the following February reached his first

objective, the Victoria Nyanza, 720 miles inland. During the march his caravan had endured loss by fever, famine and the murder of its stragglers. One of his three white companions was already dead. In a fierce encounter with natives (prompted by the indiscreet gift of the heart of a presented ox to a witch doctor who asked for it) he had lost over twenty men. But Stanley was unperturbed. He had expected death and disaster ; what counted was that *he* had arrived. With undiminished energy he put together his portable boat and prepared, with ten sailors and a steersman, to circumnavigate Africa's largest inland sea. Its shores were fringed with natives who had never seen a white man ; and numerous adventures by land and water marked the progress of his survey before the tour was interrupted by an invitation to visit Mtesa, the ruler of Uganda. It was an invitation which Stanley would not have dared decline, even had he so wished. On the contrary, however, he was eager to meet the great *Kabaka* and expressed himself as very willing to accompany the elaborately dressed ambassador. Escorted by five superb canoes, his boat was directed to Usavara. Two miles off, assembled thousands were visible on shore. Saluted by volleys of musketry, they landed. Kettle and bass drums added to the noise of welcome as the

traveller and his eleven followers walked slowly between two dense files to the great standard near which a short, immaculate young man, wearing crimson robes over snowy white, waited to receive him. Profound bows were exchanged ; and only then did Stanley discover that the short young man was not Mtesa but his Prime Minister. The newcomer was cross-examined as to his health, his journey, the sun, moon and stars, angels, devils, doctors, priests and his object in visiting Uganda. His replies gave satisfaction ; and the party was thereupon presented with fourteen fat oxen, sixteen goats and sheep, a hundred bunches of bananas, three dozen fowls, numerous vegetables and ten pots of Maramba wine. When the travellers had eaten and rested, the king's butler declared, his master would receive the white visitor at the ninth hour. Bathed, brushed, fed and expectant, Stanley waited. Two pages duly brought the summons, and at the appointed time the Americanised Welsh workhouse boy stood face to face with the most powerful sovereign in Equatorial Africa.

Speke, after his meetings with Mtesa years before, had described him as a youthful butcher and tyrant, vain and heartless, who delighted in fat women ; but Stanley's impression was otherwise. Tall, slender, lustrous-eyed, with an easy

air of natural dignity, Mtesa bore himself as a monarch. The respect of his courtiers was ample testimony to his authority. He was the first African ruler Stanley encountered who was comparable to a European sovereign and not a petty tyrant. Rubaga, the capital, built on a height and consisting of spacious and well-arranged buildings set within courtyards and enclosures, was notable in a continent of beehive hut villages. Stanley became fascinated by the fertile country, cooled by the equatorial inland sea, by the people, the most intelligent natives he had met, and the king, who exerted undisputed power over two million souls. The missionary lessons and zeal of Livingstone rose in his memory, and he outlined Christian teachings to the half-Mohammedan, half-pagan despot. Mtesa, for his part, was equally impressed and flattered by the remarkable white stranger, and urged Stanley to send him a resident European instructor who would unseal the word of God for his people. This request Stanley embodied in an appeal to the two journals he represented, setting out the progress he had made, and asking for some "pious, practical missionary" to complete his work. "It is the practical Christian tutor, who can . . . cure diseases, construct dwellings, understand and exemplify agriculture, and turn his

hand to anything, like a sailor – this is the man who is wanted. Such an one, if he can be found, would become the saviour of Africa." "You need not fear," he added significantly, "to spend money on such a mission, as Mtesa is sole ruler and will repay its cost tenfold with ivory, coffee, otterskins of very fine quality, or even in cattle; for the wealth of this country is immense."

This letter of appeal and invitation was entrusted to Colonel Linant de Bellefonds, who had penetrated to Uganda from the Soudan; and some months later was recovered, after the murder of its bearer, covered with his blood. Its publication in the *Daily Telegraph* in November 1875 caused a stir of astonishment. A sum approaching £25,000 was quickly subscribed to form a Uganda mission, which set out in the following year while Stanley was still making fresh discoveries. The subsequent history of the mission, a remarkable history of prayer, blood and heroism, has no direct connection with Stanley's story; but it is relevant to remark in passing that within twenty-five years of his appearance at Mtesa's Court, Uganda, largely through his exertions, had become a British protectorate. Stanley's conduct throughout his visit was characteristic and reveals, very faithfully, the inner workings of his disposition. "Oh for the hour when a band of

philanthropic capitalists shall vow to rescue these beautiful lands," was the reflection he noted in his book ; and there was nothing hypocritical in the hope. Hard headed and handed though the explorer was, he cherished an unwavering belief in Christianity and commerce.

Another side of his character was revealed a little later, when he left Uganda in order to transport the rest of his expedition to Mtesa's territory preparatory to striking further north. On the way he put in at Bumbireh island for food, and the suspicious natives, having dragged his boat up the beach and stolen the oars, made preparations for attack. By a stratagem, Stanley relaunched his boat, tore up the floor boards for paddles, and coolly shot his way out. Afterwards, however, he returned in force and, still finding opposition to his passage from these men of Bumbireh, fought a very one-sided engagement from the water against the natives on land, in which forty-two of the natives were shot dead and two of Stanley's men were hurt by stones. The lesson was sufficient, and the waterway was cleared. Later, in Europe, this action was made the subject of complaint to the Foreign Office by the Aborigines Protection Society and brought to the attention of Parliament ; without much result, since Stanley was apparently an American

citizen. Circumstances had made the erstwhile John Rollant a journalist, but under the hot sun of Africa, with his life in his hands, he ceased to be a man of the pen.

Ready for everything, he was not deeply confounded to learn that during his absence another of his white assistants had died. "I missed young Barker very much. He had begun to endear himself to me by his bright intelligence and valuable services," he wrote, and then set about his transit to Uganda, where Mtesa, who was encamped for war, gave him an eager welcome. Stanley was astonished to find that the Waganda army numbered, with its followers, close on a quarter of a million souls. During intervals of the campaign, the traveller continued his labour of conversion, and induced a nominal conviction in Mtesa's heart by his vivid discourse upon angels, spirits, and Holy Writ. Finally he made a rough abridged translation of the Bible into Kiswahili, which was copied into a large book made by Stanley and presented to the king, who renounced the Islamism he only half understood in favour of Christianity, which he hoped in time to comprehend.

In return, the explorer asked for escort to enable him to survey two lakes further north. This was promised at the end of the war; and, as the war

seemed likely to be protracted, Stanley, with his usual resource, invented a floating fort, which terrified Mtesa's island foes into submission. When at last the start was made (for Mtesa was very reluctant to part from his white ally) more than a year had passed since Stanley's start from Zanzibar. Accompanied by over a thousand men of Uganda, he passed through unexplored country to within a mile of the edge of the plateau at the base of which lay the lake. But here difficulties were encountered which not even Stanley's strategy and resolution could overcome. The inhabitants rose to threaten war if he advanced ; the Waganda took fright at their numbers, and Stanley was forced to retreat. He did not, however, return to Mtesa, but directed himself towards Unyamwezi. Though baulked of the opportunity to survey Lake Muta Nziga, he had good reason to be satisfied with his beginning. He had made his mark in Uganda, had circumnavigated Lake Victoria and confirmed Speke's supposition as to its size and shape. Now, if he could get to it, he proposed to perform a similar service to the Tanganyika.

Well recommended by Mtesa, he passed through the territory of acquiescent kings, encountering on the way that Mirambo against whom he had fought in company with the Arabs five years

before. Mirambo had meanwhile established great power and made a heavy-handed peace. He proved friendly to Stanley, who was struck by his personality and military genius. Prepared for peace or war, the caravan wound through the country of the wild Watuta without disturbance ; and, in May 1876, Stanley reached Ujiji, his meeting place with Livingstone, for the second time. Again the portable boat was put together, and with thirteen picked followers Stanley started off. Fifty-one days later he returned, having made the circuit of the lake and established the truth of Cameron's view that its effluent is the Lukuga river. The next problem, the most interesting of all, was the Lualaba.

The furthest point to which it had been explored, Nyangwe, in Latitude 4° South, had been reached by both Livingstone and Cameron. The former had been compelled by the reluctance of his porters to turn back to Ujiji ; as to Cameron's course from that point, Stanley was in ignorance. When, however, he in due course arrived in the Arab settlement, he was relieved to learn that Cameron also had been forced to abandon the Lualaba at Nyangwe, owing to the hostility of the natives, the reluctance of the Arabs, and the difficulty of obtaining canoes. This information he derived from the chief Arab

trader of the inland, Hamed bin Mohammed, or Tippoo Tib (or Tipu Tipu) as he was generally known, apparently from his habit of blinking rapidly. Tippoo's crowded and successful career had been a string of triumphs of force or guile. Beginning as a humble merchant on borrowed money, he had amassed vast wealth ; had made himself master of the Manyema country by passing himself off as a long-lost heir to the throne ; and, in the course of many bloody campaigns, had humbled the powerful Nsama. Well mannered, crafty, intelligent, rich and unscrupulous, he was admired and feared. His meeting with Stanley was an eventful one for both, and probably, if the Arab could have foreseen its consequences, Stanley, like his forerunners, would have been forced to turn back from the Lualaba adventure ; perhaps his bones would have whitened by the riverside. But Tippoo (whom Stanley at once realised to be the most remarkable man he had met in Africa) was the victim of an inveterate liking for white men ; he had offered escort to Cameron on conditions which proved unacceptable : now, hearing of Stanley's wishes, he made a bargain with this new European, whereby, in return for a draft of five thousand dollars payable in Zanzibar (if he ever got there), he agreed to accompany the expedition with his own force for

sixty marches or a period of not more than three months. It was agreed that at the end of that time either Stanley would march back to Nyangwe with him or else, if the explorer could find a trader to take him on to the West coast (as Cameron had), then two-thirds of his followers should march back with Tippoo Tib. The point of this arrangement lay in the circumstance that neither Stanley nor Tippoo was strong enough alone to risk the hostility of the tribes through whose country it was desired to travel. One of Tippoo's men had accompanied an Arab expedition into those parts earlier on, and gave a frightening account of the country as a forest where ants stung like wasps, where gorillas seized men and bit off their fingers one by one, where the savage dwarfs, with virulently poisoned arrows, had decimated Mtagamoyo's well-armed force. As for the Lualaba, which he reported as flowing ever northwards, it was not immediately, if at all, navigable, even if one had canoes, for it plunged headlong over fall after fall.

But such dismal accounts could not deter Stanley from his purpose, and, after signing a contract with Tippoo Tib, his expedition, 154 strong, set out on November 5th, 1876, escorted by the 700 men, women and children of the Arab trader. Next day they entered the forest. The

path soon became a "stiff, clayey paste," while overhead the interlaced boughs, every leaf on which dripped dew, shut out the daylight. The undergrowth towered twenty feet on either side; and every few minutes ditches, streams, or fallen trees delayed progress. Some days of hard work advanced the journey a mere six miles. Pythons, puff-adders, baboons and innumerable beetles added to the general discomfort. After ten days Tippoo desired to turn back. He had not conceived that there was such a place as that forest in the world, and he had seen enough. All Stanley's plausibility was needed to persuade him to make another twenty marches forward. Yet, though Stanley could not guess it, he was one day to march through a forest compared to which this one was open country. On the 19th a point was reached at which the portable boat could be launched. Thenceforth the leader and some thirty companions went on by water, while the main body continued the march by land. As Stanley remarks, there was work enough in the stricken expedition for a dozen doctors. Every day he threw three or four bodies into the Lualaba; while, among the living, ulcers, pneumonic fever, pleurisis, smallpox, typhoid and other ailments raged. Worse, at the junction of the Lua river with the Lualaba, war horns sounded for a native

attack by canoe on the water arm of the expedition. It was repelled ; but it was the beginning of a gruelling intermittent warfare. Finally an opportunity occurred for Stanley to raid and capture the canoe flotilla of the enemy, a feat he accomplished by the aid of darkness and daring ; and for the moment he secured peace. Meanwhile Tippoo was more anxious than ever to return, and, as Stanley now had enough boats to float all his own men, he was not unwilling to part from his Arab ally. Gifts were exchanged, and there was a strange Christmas celebration in mid-Africa, with canoe and foot races, races for boys and young women, and a Wanyamwezi dance to drums and ivory horns, to mark the parting of the slave-trader and newspaper correspondent; a strange pair. On December 28th, 1876, with the Arabs and their men as onlookers from shore, the *Herald-Telegraph* expedition was embarked for the venture of following the vast and gleaming river to whatever lake or sea should prove its bourne, through whatever unknown country lined its banks.

Hostilities recommenced almost as soon as the party was under way. The rabidly cannibal inhabitants were frequently deaf to the sesame of peace (the word *sennenneh* long drawn out) and proclaimed their hopes of human meat in vindictive monosyllables. But rifle against spear cleared

the waterway time and again, and day by day the flotilla progressed to its unguessed destination. After a week of quick passage on the strong flood under the hot sun, the roar of the first cataract of what are now called Stanley Falls was heard. Hostile natives lined the banks to witness the destruction of the strangers, but Stanley shot his way to shore and hastily constructed a stockade. Exploration showed that the river had become unnavigable, and so, under the menace of howling man-eaters, a path had to be forced through jungle and forest, over cliffs and rocks, along which the expedition could painfully drag its boats before embarking on the lower reaches. Open water was reached after the seventh cataract. Below the falls the Lualaba curved westward, and from this Stanley became convinced that, whatever Livingstone's river might prove to be, it was not the Nile.

Early in February he reached the confluence of the Lualaba and the Aruwimi, where a grand attack by a fleet of fifty-four war canoes, led by a leviathan among native craft, was heavily repulsed; indeed, the fight was continued on land in the streets of the cannibal villages, which were fired and rased. Ivory was as abundant as fuel; and baked, gnawed forearms near the rubbish heaps told their own story. Still bloodier

fights followed, as the river, widening constantly and sometimes four miles across, swept the two Europeans and their followers onward, until it debouched into a magnificent, lake-like enclosure which the newcomers christened Stanley Pool. Now at last Stanley knew with certainty the answer to the problem that had perplexed Livingstone to his death, for, on asking a friendly chief what he called the river, he received for answer the resounding words "Ikutu ya Kongo."

Below the pool the Lualaba-Congo narrowed again into a series of falls and rapids, extending for over 150 miles. Misfortunes recommenced. Stanley's favourite page, Kalulu, and seven other men were carried to death over the falls; the best seventy-five-foot canoe was torn from its moorings and swept away; Stanley himself was almost lost in an involuntary cataract descent; lastly, in a moment of impatient rashness, Frank Pocock, Stanley's last white companion, essayed to shoot the Massassa rapids and perished in the attempt. Desperately the survivors pushed on, harassed by famine, natives, illness and accident, until, on July 31, 1877, the point was reached on the lower Congo which had last been surveyed by Captain Tuckey's expedition from the sea in 1816. There was no longer any point in following the rest of the river, which Smith and Tuckey

had explored already, and so what remained of the tattered column struck overland and, reduced to desperate straits by lack of food, struggled in pitiful condition towards Boma, the furthest station from the coast occupied by Europeans. The sophisticated natives in this locality demanded rum in exchange for food, and laughed at the customary cloth, wire and beads. In desperation Stanley halted his survivors and, by the light of a lamp made out of a piece of rotten sheeting steeped in palm-butter, wrote urgent appeals in English, French and Spanish, asking whosoever might receive them to send food of any sort for his starving followers. Relief came just in time, though many of the people were unable to wait for the food to be cooked but ate the rice and fish raw. Stanley's troubles were over : he was able to enjoy the sardines, salmon, plum-pudding, jam, sherry, pale ale, port and champagne which had been packed for him. When the expedition reached Boma the handful of Europeans living in that remote spot received the traveller with enthusiasm. Of the 356 souls who had set out to explore Africa three years before, 115 returned ; of the four Europeans, Stanley alone. He was not yet thirty-seven, but his hair was almost white.

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CHAPTER IV

THE STATE-BUILDER

THIS time the unlucky Stanley was not disbelieved; but he was disregarded. The whole history of modern Africa, and perhaps of more than Africa, must have been altered had it been the fate of another man than Stanley to trace the course of the great Congo river and reveal to the English the country that lay behind it; for, when in 1877 he hurried to Europe with the news of his discoveries, he was utterly unable to bring a sense of their significance to the country of his birth and preference. On the way home he wrote to the *Daily Telegraph*: "The question of this mighty waterway will become a political one in time. As yet, however, no European power seems to have put forth the right of control. Portugal claims it because she discovered its mouth; but the Great Powers – England, America and France – refuse to recognise her right. . . . If it were not that I fear to damp any interest you may have in this magnificent stream by the length of my letters, I could show you very good reasons why

it would be a politic deed to settle this momentous question immediately. I could prove to you that the power possessing the Congo, despite the cataracts, would absorb to itself the trade of the whole of the enormous basin behind. This river is and will be the grand highway of commerce to Central Africa." But he wrote, so far as England was concerned, in vain ; and no better fate waited on his fervent adjurations in Liverpool and Manchester. In vain he urged the certainty of immeasurable riches, of the ivory, copper, rubber, cotton, copal, and no one knew what else, waiting beside the ready-made waterway for the European to take. The mysterious American was distrusted and disbelieved. The measure of his unpopularity can be seen in a single incident. Cameron, after failing to achieve the passage of the Lualaba, was nevertheless listened to by the Royal Geographical Society with profound attention at a meeting so crowded that complaints were made regarding the scanty accommodation ; but when Stanley, after accomplishing what Cameron had failed to do, in his turn addressed the society, there were two hundred vacant seats, even though the Prince of Wales and Sir Samuel Baker sat on the platform to support him, even though tickets had been allotted to the Fellows to the limit of capacity of the hall.

In any event, apart from distrust of Stanley, English commitments in Africa were already causing some concern. The Khedive Ismail of Egypt, whose debts and conquests rightly earned him the cognomen "Magnificent," was finding difficulty in paying the interest on his vast loans, so that the French and English bondholders were forced to intervene in his administration; the South African situation was obscure; and the cloud which culminated soon afterwards in the Zulu War was already visible. Perhaps it is not, after all, surprising that English ministers and merchants felt no enthusiasm for a new equatorial adventure, particularly one proposed by a man who lived in an atmosphere of opposition and incredulity.

Others, however, were not so sceptical or so indifferent. Even before Stanley's emergence on the west coast provided the key to the interior, Leopold II, King of the Belgians, was deeply interested in the "Dark Continent" and anxious to take a hand in its development. In September 1876, at about the time that Stanley was nearing Nyangwe and his fateful meeting with Tippoo Tib, the Belgian king arranged in Brussels a three days' conference of politicians, geographers and philanthropists to discuss the opening up of Africa, with the result that a body known as the "Association

Internationale Africaine" came into being. Its flag was a blue field bearing a five-pointed golden star; and its objects, not specifically missionary or commercial, included the suppression of the slave-trade and the establishment, on a trunk route across the continent, of a chain of depots at which, with luck, future explorers were to find food and replenishment when in need. Traders, too, were to benefit by the Association's impartial beneficence, for which subscriptions were invited and secured in most European countries, each country creating its own committee, which worked separately from, though by arrangement with, headquarters in Brussels. A start had actually been made, and an expedition despatched from Zanzibar to improve communications on the Tanganyika route, when the news of Stanley's discoveries convinced Leopold (the real moving spirit of the Association) that he was on the wrong tack. Accordingly, when Stanley returned, he was met at Marseilles, while on his way to England, by an emissary of the King, who invited him to discuss in Brussels the future of Africa. With an eye on England as the main chance, the explorer temporised.

Nearly a year later, when it had become clear even to Stanley that Britain would not take the Congo, he appeared in Brussels at a meeting of

persons " of more or less note in the commercial and monetary world," convened for the purpose of considering " what might be made of the Congo river and its basin." Many questions were asked and answered satisfactorily ; and in December a Comité d'Etudes du Haut Congo was formed with Stanley in charge. He had previously been told privately by Leopold something of his plans. Very noble and philanthropic ideas were then and previously avowed by King Leopold. The flag of free trade was to wave on the Congo over European traders and missionaries of every kind and country, without favour or prejudice, in their efforts to bring the joint benefits of commerce and Christianity to the blacks. The king had made a private fortune by shrewd investments and had also in his hands another that had belonged to his dead son. From these monies, it was understood, he would devote whatever sums were necessary for the furtherance of his benevolent African plans. In pursuance of them Stanley arrived off the mouth of the Congo in the following August with seventy Zanzibaris and twelve Europeans. Meanwhile he had arranged for the despatch from Europe of steamers, lighters, steel whaleboats, portable wooden houses, corrugated iron stores, waggons and provisions. It was his purpose to ascend the river he had so dangerously descended

two years before, establish friendly relations with the inhabitants, and so open up the newly discovered country to trade. So much, and no more, was his mission; but we know now that the ambition of King Leopold at least, if not that of his adjutant, looked farther.

What Stanley had to do was done, as always, with ability and thoroughness. Never, perhaps, were energy, prescience, endurance and discretion more notably displayed by any man than by him in the working out of the "Plan." His flotilla of lighters and paddle-steamers slowly made its way up the river to Boma, past Prince's Isle, where several officers of the unfortunate Tuckey expedition lie buried, to the limit of navigability at the foot of the rapids. Here, on a hill, Vivi, the first of the Association's Congo stations, was built; a two-storied timber châlet, a cluster of wooden huts and a garden, enclosed by a palisade. By February 1880 the depot was completed. Next a fifty-two-mile road had to be made across mountains and rivers, through forests and swamps, so that the fifty tons of material belonging to the expedition could be dragged past the cataracts. The natives, as they wonderingly watched Stanley teach his men the use of the blasting-charge and the sledge-hammer, nicknamed him *Bula Matari*, the Breaker of Rocks. Fifty-two miles is not a very

long way, but it took the pioneer force (which even with the engineers included only fifteen whites) a whole year to span it with their road, for owing to the scantiness of equipment and numbers, constant marching and counter-marching were unavoidable ; in all Stanley calculated that he had worked 2,352 miles backward and forward to accomplish this particular task. And even so it gave him access to only eighty-eight miles of the river.

It is not surprising that, working under this constant strain, Stanley collapsed at Manyanga. After struggling desperately with fever for fourteen days, speechless and half conscious, barely able to take from time to time the stiffer and stiffer doses necessary to keep himself alive, even his tenacity began to fail, and he felt himself on his deathbed. He was reduced at last to swallowing sixty grains of quinine, with a few minims of hydrobromic acid, in an ounce of madeira wine. Dazed, almost delirious, he made signs for his European comrades to be summoned that he might bid them farewell ; yet when they stood anxiously round his couch, his lips could frame no words. For a time, clutching the hand of his Danish assistant, he lay between life and death ; and then, as the scales stood perilously balanced, his obstinate will to live asserted itself once more : " I am

saved," he cried, and relapsed into unconsciousness. When he emerged again from the shadow, twenty-four hours later, he was slightly hungry; in a fortnight he was convalescent. Much depended on that sick man faltering back to health. He was no longer a journalist or special correspondent, but the confidant and deputy of a European king.

More roadmaking followed after his recovery, but December 1881 saw the building of the key station, Leopoldville, by the side of Stanley Pool, whence uninterrupted navigation could be enjoyed for a thousand miles. At last the paddle-steamers floated on the long stretch of water for which they had been designed; European civilisation had laid its hand on the heart of the dark Continent. Fever struck Stanley down once more, shortly after he had discovered a new lake of brandy-coloured water, to which, perhaps appropriately, he gave the name of his royal patron; and then, the initial work that he had come to Congoland to do being fully accomplished, he returned to Europe.

In due course he rendered his report to the Comité. He told it frankly that the lower Congo was valueless without a railway and a charter from the Powers for the development of the country which lay beyond. After discussion both

these matters were left in the hands of the authorities in Brussels, and Stanley himself, after a short holiday of six weeks, returned again to Africa to continue his pioneering, which by now he must have known was to be, not an abstract philanthropic project, but the building of a State. Whatever he knew, he held his tongue. December saw him again in Vivi, where the subordinate he had left in charge, lacking his chief's resource and self-reliance, had let things slide to ruin. All the way up the river, indeed, Stanley found his white assistants disorganised, demoralised or absent. Restoring order as he went, he pushed on to Leopoldville, where he found an even worse state of affairs. That too he remedied, and then, after improving the station, began to ascend the Upper Congo. His expedition of eighty men was well equipped : " axes to hew the forest, hammers to break the rock, spades to turn the sod and drain the marsh, shovels to raise the rampart, scythes to mow the grass, hatchets to penetrate the jungle, seeds for all kinds of sowing, saws to rip planking, hammers, nails, and cabinet-maker's tools to make furniture, needles and thread for sewing the cloth into bales, and twine to thread beads," were part of the material Stanley took with him as he advanced towards the falls to which he had given his own name, a thousand

miles away. It must have been a memorable and profoundly satisfying moment for that resolute adventurer when he stepped aboard his little steamer, to explore as its master the river which five years before he had descended, in peril of his life, in his fleet of native canoes. As he pushed up stream he was amused to watch the earnest attention his vessel roused in the hippo herd and the helpless animosity of the crocodiles. Sun, stream, crocodiles, cataracts, forests and mountains – he had conquered them all. His will had overruled everything, even the fevers so fatal to his comrades, even, as it proved, the erstwhile belligerent natives, who seemed now almost to welcome his coming. They had learned by their own peculiar telegraphy of his rich depots at Leopoldville, and seemingly inexhaustible wealth, and flocked to trade. Only one cloud remained on his horizon. Tippoo Tib and his slave-trading forces, after turning back from their parting with Stanley on the Lualaba, had, in the end, followed him and made their way to the neighbourhood of Stanley Falls, where they were now established in destructive power.

In its lower, cataract course the Congo often flows between high cliffs and slopes, but here, prodigiously wide, sometimes running in seven or eight channels between " a mob of islets," it lies

between low forested land and grassy levels. Numerous navigable tributaries open on either side into the rich and fertile country beyond. "It was not the uplands of the maritime region, with their millions of ravines, and narrow oven-hot valleys, and bald grass tops . . . that I strove for; it was this million square miles of almost level area, which we may call the kernel, that was worth the trouble," Stanley wrote afterwards.

It is unnecessary to relate in detail the incidents which marked his two further years of hard work on the Upper Congo. His flotilla traversed all the thousand miles of open water from Stanley Pool to Stanley Falls; stations were established at Bolobo, at Msuata, at the Falls itself; he charted the course of many of the tributaries, established "blood brotherhood" with native chiefs, bought some ivory, and handed out a great number of the Association's blue flags bearing the five-pointed golden star. And he learned a great deal concerning the tribes he had to deal with; mostly he found inveterate traders, with the commercial instinct well developed. These upper Congo natives were also mostly cannibals, not so much from necessity as from a depraved appetite for human meat. A later observer reported that it was possible, on a line of march, to tell what particular tribe had passed that way, by the

nature of the human fragments left after their feasts. Some preferred fingers, some rump steaks ; some even liked their meals " high," and devoured almost decomposing bodies. Others, in order to make the flesh of their wretched victims more tender, broke the arms and legs two days before the " meat " would be needed. Yet these revolting customs did not necessarily promote a general degradation in those who practised them ; Livingstone himself had noted the anomaly of the intelligence and fine physique of the Manyema cannibals. Indeed, in most ways the Congo cannibals were more clever, intelligent and tractable than their innocent brothers on the coast.

Stanley made a great impression on these simple yet sinister people. They respected the force of his character, his even-handed, impassive justice, his air of pride and strength. To them he was Bula Matari, the Breaker of Rocks, as to his own followers he was the Great Master. Once a pugnacious chief in war regalia visited the camp to complain of the close proximity of Stanley's force to his own village. At the opening of the interview he plunged his spear in the ground with a gesture, and flung his shield beside it, before declaiming fervently as to his wishes. As he proceeded, however, and Stanley sat motionless, gazing into his face without a word, by degrees

his bearing changed. In vain he looked to the right and left; the hypnotic blue eyes were too much for him; finally, without a word having been spoken by Stanley, the chief gathered up his shield, plucked his spear from the ground, and ignominiously shuffled away.

Perhaps to Stanley, too, the words simple and sinister might be applied. There was an admirable, an almost unanswerable simplicity in this great traveller, who believed as tenaciously and fixedly in the civilisation he represented as the natives did in their fetishes and fates. That the aborigines would be benefited by his coming, by trading with him, by surrendering him the use of their land, or even the land itself; of these things he was as certain as sunrise. From the first, he ingenuously remarks in his account of this Congo expedition, "I foresaw a brilliant future for Africa, if by any miracle of good fortune I could persuade the dark millions of the interior to cast off their fabrics of grass clothing and don the second-hand costumes visible, say, in Whitechapel. See what a ready market lies here for old clothes! The garments shed by the military heroes of Europe, by the club lackeys, by the liveried servants of modern Pharaohs . . . may here find people of the rank of chieftainship to wear them and strut about *en grande tenue*." Only in regard to gin, a

staple mode of payment on the lower Congo, did he seem doubtful; for the rest, the sincerity of his belief in himself and what he stood for was astonishing, admirable and yet sinister. The third of these qualities was reflected in a famous saying, prompted by a demonstration of the improved Maxim gun: "It is a fine weapon," he exclaimed enthusiastically, "and will be invaluable for civilising the heathen!"

But guns, Maxim or otherwise, were not a vital factor in Stanley's penetration of the Congo basin. His dominion and ascendancy over the native mind, his diplomatic patience and persistent talk, proved sufficient. When, in 1884, he returned to Europe with the foundations of the future state well laid, he brought with him "treaties made with over 450 independent African chiefs, whose rights would be conceded by all to have been indisputable, since they held their lands by undisturbed occupation, by long ages of succession, by real divine right." "Of their own free will, without coercion, but for substantial considerations, reserving only a few easy conditions, they had transferred their rights of sovereignty and ownership to the Association" – that Association of unbounded philanthropic professions. What would it do with them?

The state-building activities of Leopold and

Stanley had not, in fact, been unobserved in Europe; and in February 1884 an announcement was made that a treaty had been concluded between the British and Portuguese governments whereby the former recognised and acknowledged the whole of the south-west African coast, including the lower Congo, to be Portuguese territory. Between the lines, this agreement was a deathblow to the Association's hopes. Whoever controlled the river-mouth controlled its basin: Stanley himself had said so very plainly. King Leopold, however, one of the astutest men in Europe, did not easily relinquish his project. Prompted by him, Bismarck, now quietly working out a still unsuspected colonial policy, formally objected to an arrangement which "would not be a sufficient protection against the disadvantages that the commercial world rightly anticipates would ensue from an extension of the Portuguese colonial system over territories which have hitherto been free." France, which had been unobtrusively establishing a French sphere of influence in the Congo side by side with Leopold's, also protested; and General Sanford, an American coadjutor of the Committee of the International African Association, induced the United States Senate to recognise not Portugal but the Association as the governing power on the Congo

river. Even British Chambers of Commerce, including those of Manchester, Liverpool and Glasgow, resolutely opposed the Anglo-Portuguese treaty, on grounds similar to Bismarck's. Reluctantly Lord Granville abandoned it. Meanwhile an exchange of notes between Germany and France on the necessity of an understanding respecting the delimitation of territory over the west coast of Africa led to the issuing of invitations, in which England concurred and joined, to a conference at Berlin to pronounce upon this and kindred matters.

The proposals put forward on behalf of King Leopold seemed an easy way out of the difficult situation created by the withdrawal of the English treaty with Portugal. It was suggested that his Association should be formally converted into a State ; not a State free to do entirely as it chose, but an international State in which " the trade of all nations shall enjoy complete freedom" ; all flags, "without distinction of nationality," were to have free access to " all coasts, rivers, lakes and canals within the region marked out, and to any ports thereon." No import duties were to be levied save as fair return for direct expenditure ; no monopoly or special commercial privilege was to be granted to anyone. The new state was also to " watch over the preservation of the native

populations and the improvement of their moral and material conditions of existence," and to suppress slavery and slave-trading. On these terms the powers gave Leopold's Association sanction to rule 800,000 square miles of country, and fifteen million people, together with their blessing and even a special word of thanks to Leopold for his abnegation in accepting, in the cause of that black humanity which lay so near his heart, this complicated, troublesome and probably expensive task. Even the Aborigines Protection Society, which had expressed to Parliament its disapproval of Stanley, rejoiced in the arrangement and made Leopold a member. On August 1st, 1885, King Leopold notified the powers that the Association would henceforth be known as L'Etat Independant du Congo, and that he himself would be its sovereign. Perhaps only Lord Granville was " sceptical how long the King would desire to maintain the character of the great philanthropic enterprise." Who could tell ?

This conference of 1885, which gave the Congo to Leopold, was fraught with other consequences. It determined the method of annexation in Africa by European powers ; and it established the principle of the " sphere of influence." As to the first, effective occupation was to be the test, and

by means of it Bismarck succeeded in elbowing England out of the Cameroons, which had been vaguely regarded as British by right of pre-emption, and established a footing in Zanzibar and the east coast, where British influence had previously been unquestioned. Other nations were not slow in following that example. When Stanley made his great discovery the total area in Africa appropriated by European powers was less than two-and-a-half out of eleven-and-a-half million square miles; within seventeen years hardly a hundred miles remained unclaimed.

CHAPTER V

THE WHITE PASHA

In order to appreciate the next chapter in the strange story of Stanley's life, a retrospect over nearly fifteen years is needed. While he and King Leopold were building up a new empire on the Congo, another was fast collapsing in North Africa. In the 'seventies, it has been remarked, the Khedive Ismail of Egypt was finding difficulty in paying the interest on his vast loans. The Soudan territory, his principal asset in point of size, was fast becoming a liability by reason of the incessant, unscrupulous slave-trading of certain of his pashas, principally one Zebehr, who lived in the interior in semi-regal state, maintained his own army and seemed by his wealth and power almost to threaten the sovereignty. Harassed by his bondholders, the Egyptian ruler summoned to his aid " Chinese " Gordon, the T. E. Lawrence of the period, and even then a man of legend, largely in the hope that, with such an Englishman in charge, the European critics would be less insistent in their demands for reform. Gordon

astonished everyone, though perhaps his employer most of all, by nearly succeeding in his appointed task. Zebehr ventured into Cairo and was never again allowed to leave the city ; his son Solyman was captured and executed and, by the time of Disraeli's dramatic coup in Suez canal shares, the Equatorial Province over which Gordon governed was ostensibly peaceful.

In that year, 1876, there appeared in Khartoum the man destined to provide Stanley with the oddest of all his African meetings and involve him in the strangest incident of his career ; a man more extraordinary even than Dr. Livingstone or Tippoo Tib, a youngish, short-sighted, nondescript doctor of medicine, of medium height, befezzed, moustached, who, though without money, maintained an exact neatness in his clothes and appearance. To the interested foreign quarter he explained that he was by birth a Turk, educated in Germany. He was certainly assiduous in performing Mohammedan rites, but his passport proclaimed him to be Dr. Eduard Carl Oscar Theodor Schnitzer, born of German parents at Oppeln, in the Prussian province of Silesia, in 1840. This minor deception was easily forgiven ; there were respected men in Khartoum who had done stranger things than forget the past in the enthusiasm of a new beginning. The

newcomer was welcomed for his skill at chess; and his pianoforte recitals of Chopin and Mendelssohn charmed the Europeans. In conversation he was discovered to be an astonishing linguist, familiar with Turkish, Arabic, German, French, Latin, ancient and modern Greek, Illyrian, Albanian and Italian. Indeed, his fluency in Turkish and Arabic seemed almost to confirm his disclaimer of European origin. In scientific matters his knowledge spread wide and descended deep. To those who wondered how the owner of such attainments came to be penniless in Egypt, the doctor would hint at a romance in a harem, and a political intrigue that made his absence from Turkey desirable. Someone recommended him to Gordon, and five months after his arrival the German of many accomplishments steamed up the Nile to Lado, there to act as Government Medical Officer. Still further to separate himself from the past, he took the name as well as place of his predecessor in office. So it was that, on May 7th, 1876, Eduard Schnitzer became Dr. Emin.

Whatever his secret, it was safe in Equatoria, a land the extent of which was undetermined, the waterways of which were unexplored. Gordon, playing his usual hazardous game with high stakes on the table, saw at a glance that this reticent

newcomer might save bloodshed as well as salve wounds; and within a few weeks of Emin's arrival the astonished doctor found himself despatched to improve diplomatic relations with the recalcitrant King of Uganda, that Mtesa whom, not long before, Stanley had converted to Christianity. For two years the medical officer played at politics; and in that time he became familiarised with the curious procedure of palaver, the offering of gifts, the waiting for audience. While the sun of Africa tanned his cheeks, something of the native spirit passed into his blood, until he could accept a goat or bestow a shirt with equal gravity and dignity, seeing behind the symbolic act the true fact of treaty. When Gordon withdrew to Khartoum, after becoming Governor-General of the Soudan, he appointed his loyal subordinate as his successor; and the penniless doctor became His Excellency Emin Bey, Governor of Equatoria.

There are two main methods of government, conciliation and coercion. Stanley ruled by the firm hand; Emin's temper and circumstances alike inclined him to rule by forbearance, and his subjects readily acknowledged that patriarchal authority which (apart from the authority of arms) was the one authority they understood. It was as the father of his people that he cured the

sick and instructed the sound ; and the omniscient parent taught his children valuable lessons : new methods of tanning, reaping and sowing ; the way to make soap, alcohol and lubricating oil ; how to weave cloth and rear ostriches for profit ; where to build huts to avoid fever ; what to do with the teeth of hippopotamus, the fur of the otter, the skin of the leopard. His reports on the province read like a chapter from the *Swiss Family Robinson*, for Emin possessed the talent of an unresting assiduity. Such spare time as his numerous duties permitted was spent in scientific research, for which the Governor had a truly German passion. Far away in Europe the museums of London, Berlin and Paris were unexpectedly enriched by unknown tropical birds, beasts and flowers, sent by the dark little man who enlivened learned journals with detailed accounts of native customs, particulars of the local vocabularies and statistics of the fluctuating prices of wives and virgins. So contagious was His Excellency's example that even his troops, bandits in uniform though they were, fell into a condition closely resembling discipline. As the years passed, peace and silence descended on the country where the doctor ruled.

Silence ; for as Equatoria became self-supporting it became isolated. The Cairene Cabinet was

too pre-occupied by financial depressions and military risings to answer letters from Emin. With the early 'eighties, Egypt began to disturb the complaisance of her English creditors. The able but expensive Ismail had been replaced by Tewfik, and Gordon was replaced by Raouf Pasha. Even the prophet Mohammed was replaced – by Mohammed Ahmed, a carpenter of Khartoum, who, after years of introspective uncertainty, decided that he was in very fact the Mahdi, the Messiah, the Last Prophet whose coming was foretold. Having convinced himself, he was able without difficulty to convince the unemployed slave-traders of his holy mission. His success was astonishing. The Egyptian Government sent its forces in vain against the Dervish prophet. He defeated the Governor of Fashoda, who perished with his followers and Shillooks; Yussuf Pasha fared little better; Hicks Pasha, a retired Indian officer, who marched against him with 12,000 men, was also annihilated; Valentine Baker, too, was crushed by the prophet. It became plain to Gladstone and his cabinet, at that time the virtual rulers of Egypt, that they must either fight the Mahdi for the possession of the Soudan or abandon it to him. It was not a disputed choice; the English cabinet was firm in its refusal to finance or occupy the

vast Egyptian empire established by Ismail's ambition and misspent millions. Gordon was despatched in 1884 to Egypt, and thence up the Nile to Khartoum, for the express purpose of withdrawing into safety the Egyptian garrison and inhabitants. The story of how, with characteristic daring and fatal consequences, he flouted his instructions, is well known. In the following New Year, when Khartoum fell, England mourned her lost general, Egypt her lost El Dorado. The Soudan was no longer a doubtful asset, it was an utter loss; and not even the shadow of English power stood between the Mahdi and the mastery of Central Africa.

A year later, in 1886, Europe learned, to its astonishment, that his power was not, after all, quite uncontested. The explorer Junker, escaped from Uganda, brought authentic news of the forgotten Governor of Equatoria, who, though cut off for three years and neglected for ten, had repulsed the Mahdist forces and maintained his remote post. The man of peace had weathered the storm that had overwhelmed the men of war; but he needed aid, and, though a German, in his extremity he appealed for English aid. "I have still a . . . hope that, as Egypt cannot help us, England, true to her traditions of humanity and civilisation, will come to our assistance." The

English public, still emotional at the memory of Gordon's death, clamoured for action to save the last of his lieutenants ; and scientific friends wrote long accounts of Emin's achievements, showing that the Liberal conception of colonial development had found its highest exemplar in the denationalised Silesian ; the Foreign Secretary was petitioned and disturbed. In vain. Gladstone, who had declined to take the Soudan, would make no move for Equatoria ; and the task of supporting Emin was left to private benevolence, or whatever the spirit may be that moves committees.

That spirit was soon stirring. Emin and his province interested many men, more particularly King Leopold and Mr. William McKinnon. Leopold's interest arose from the fact that Equatoria adjoined the boundary of the domain assigned to the Congo Free State ; and if, when renounced by Egypt, Equatoria could be added to the Congo State, then the latter would possess a gateway to the Nile, and also, incidentally, to the abandoned but perhaps reclaimable Soudan. Mr. McKinnon, on the other hand, had been interested in the east coast of Africa for many years ; he was a rich and patriotic merchant, anxious that, through his agency, England should take a more energetic part in the partition of

Africa then proceeding. He was the moving spirit of the Imperial British East Africa Company, then in process of formation ; and Emin's plight suggested to the canny Scotsman the possibility of using him in the adventure he projected.

These two interests were not necessarily conflicting ; Leopold wanted Emin's province ; McKinnon – Emin and his disciplined Soudanese.

In any event there was known to be sufficient ivory in Emin's store to cover the cost of an expedition twice over. In these circumstances an Emin Relief Committee sprang into being almost before Emin's friends and correspondents were aware of the possibility. In the same way a relief fund was opened and closed without their help. Official recognition was duly obtained ; the British Government gave its blessing, the Egyptian Government ten thousand pounds. McKinnon, who made a very substantial donation, was appointed chairman, and Stanley was selected from many candidates for the honour of relieving Emin.

The choice was reasonable and popular. That opposition and incredulity which had clouded Stanley's early exploits had been silenced by the success of his state-building on the Congo and the ratification of his arrangements by the Berlin Conference. His vast African experience, his gifts

as a leader of men, his intrepidity, resolution and the record of his journeys in the interior, which had taken him to countries adjacent to Emin's province, all pointed him out as the very man for the task.

After the man, the route. The Governor and his remarkable survival had become the talk of Europe. English, French and Belgian newspapers alike bubbled with suggestions, rumours and criticisms. Expert opinion favoured a westward route from Zanzibar, but King Leopold and Stanley urged another plan. Why should the relief expedition march the whole twelve hundred miles from the coast when, by availing itself of the Congo waterways, it could reduce its marching to well under half that distance? It was true that the marches, when they came to be made, would be through unexplored country; but that, it was pointed out by supporters of the Congo route, merely added the interest of geographical discovery to the other purposes of the expedition. Eventually the Khedive and the committee were persuaded to this plan. Officers were enrolled, all volunteers, not to be paid; two even contributed £1,000 apiece for the privilege of accompanying the expedition: and so Stanley once more set off for Zanzibar, this time by way of Cairo. His object was the relief of Emin Pasha,

by bringing him goods and armed assistance; and, though they were not publicly announced, he carried in his head two interesting plans to lay before the isolated pasha.

Before he sailed he was entertained at Sandringham by the Prince of Wales and at Brussels by the King of the Belgians. Germany alone seemed dissatisfied at so much benevolence directed towards a quasi-German subject. Otherwise all went well, even the settling of what Stanley called "several little commissions" at Zanzibar. One of these was the obtaining of the Sultan's signature to a concession of a portion of the East African coast; a concession which McKinnon had been hesitating to obtain for eight years: another, equally political in its implications, concerned Tippoo Tib.

In the years that had passed since Stanley's first meeting with him at Nyangwe the Arab slave-dealer had become a great power in Africa and a thorn in the side of the Congo State. At Stanley Falls, over a thousand miles inland, his followers were established in destructive and unacknowledged empire. Their resentment at the European advance up the river had recently flamed into fight; and at that moment the furthermost of Stanley's stations, at the falls, was in their hands, having been wrested by force from the State

officials. It was clearly necessary for some arrangement to be made whereby the Emin expedition could safely travel through the country controlled by these Congo Arabs; and Stanley hit upon the brilliant but dangerous plan of appointing the black-faced slave-dealer as the salaried official Governor of the territory which he was already unofficially occupying. His duties were to hoist the flag of the State, allow a resident with him to write his reports, and refrain from and put down slave-trading *below* Stanley Falls. By implication, the territory above the falls was left in his complete possession. Tippoo, who had built up his position by slave-trading, whose fortune and forces largely consisted of slaves, understood the position, and the alternative of war, well enough to accept; and so he, with his numerous wives, slaves and followers, was added to the mixed party of Europeans, Soudanese and Zanzibaris which departed from the island, for the relief of Emin Pasha, on February 25th, 1887. Later the superstitious recalled that when leaving Zanzibar Stanley for the third time set out on a Friday; but the chatter of discordant tongues was wholly optimistic as his steamer slid by Madagascar, Durban and Algoa Bay, round the Cape, and came to anchor off the river called Zaire by the Portuguese, Lualaba by Livingstone, Congo by Stanley.

Three months later he arrived, with his advance force, at Yambuya on the Aruwimi, 1,300 miles inland ; and, though the greater part of his stores waited at Bolobo for transport, remembering Gordon, lost by a few days, he determined to press on rapidly, fortify his camp and leave the loads to follow. Similar tactics, sixteen years before, had been successful in the search for Livingstone. This time events proved it to be a bad decision ; but, as he marched into the darkness of the Ituri forest, Stanley was all smiles ; not even his earlier hardships gave him a hint of the terrors hidden behind its screen of trees. Tidings of his departure and promise to return in November gladdened the anxious committee in distant London ; but the specified five months sped by, and nothing more was heard of the long column that had wound so confidently into the unknown. Six months became seven, seven eight, and still there was no news. The pitcher had gone to the well once too often, was the general opinion. In Germany, where the failure was not wholly unwelcome, a new expedition was proposed by optimists who imagined that Dr. Karl Peters might succeed where Henry Morton Stanley failed.

But Stanley had not failed, though in his eventful life he was never nearer failure. Misfortune

had tormented him in many shapes. Mid-August, which should have seen him triumphant in Emin's capital, Wadelai, had found him despondent on the Aruwimi: for every calculation had been falsified by the forest. Instead of clustering to barter, the natives abandoned their huts and fields to the invaders; but the felled tree-trunks that blocked the way, the poisoned skewers concealed under leaves, the showers of yet more virulently poisoned arrows, the gigantic, grave-like elephant pits, left no doubt of the temper of these unwilling pigmy hosts. And Nature had proved more savage than the savages. Quags of stagnant water and decaying vegetation, into which men sank to the neck, damped clothes as well as spirits; and in Africa damp clothes bring fever. Ticks which entomb themselves in the nostrils, bees which frequent the eyes and hair, wasps and hornets whose stings cause sickness, and ants in armies, joined with snakes, spiders and lice in plaguing the column. Paths were non-existent or inadequate, so that a new way needed to be cut with knives and billhooks through forest choked with undergrowth, steaming with malaria and dark as London on a foggy day. When to these terrors starvation was added (for all game was scared for miles by the noise of the party's progress) the wretched carriers became marching

skeletons, the slightest abrasion of whose skin caused sloughing ulcers. Those too weak to march fell by the wayside and were left to die, save for those who could be placed in the care of a band of Manyuema marauders, followers of an accomplice of Tippoo Tib; for even in this pathless forest the ruthless Arabs had spread devastation and ruin. At one point, after being virtually without food for two days, Stanley was forced to leave Captain Nelson and fifty-two men, who were utterly unable to proceed, to fend for themselves in what was appropriately named Starvation Camp, while he himself pressed on to find provisions at the next Arab settlement. When, weeks later, he sent back to relieve this forlorn party, Nelson was found with only five men: the rest of the fifty-two had deserted or were dead. The relief officer mentions in his report that, on shaking hands, Nelson "turned away and sobbed and muttered something about being very weak." It was not surprising. Even in the Arab camps, where food was plentiful, danger lurked; for the Arabs gave nothing for nothing, and the hungry Zanzibaris were prone to sell their rifles for grain. Without rifles the expedition would have been at the mercy of Tippoo's compatriots, and so an example was made: the cook was hanged. Another man had been hanged previously, for

desertion : stern but necessary measures, later on added to many sentimental criticisms of Stanley's conduct.

At last, however, a path was found, the end reached of the forest hell in which for five months death had been faced in so many various forms, and still Stanley survived and held his expedition (what remained of it) in trim. Hardly 175 of his 800 men were with him ; the rest were resting, sick, in one or other of the Arab camps, or formed the rear column left at Yambuya, or were dead. Even when what was left of the party arrived at Lake Albert, on the edge of Equatoria, there was no news of Emin ; and Stanley began to fear that the Governor had perished. The expedition was all but abandoned ; but after a council of the officers it was agreed to build a fort, bring up the sectional steel boat, and make one last effort to discover whether or not Emin was still alive.

That doubt was dissolved when the lakeside was reached for the second time and the native chief, Kavalli, produced a letter, carefully protected in American oiled cloth, addressed to Mr. H. M. Stanley and signed " Dr. Emin." It announced his well-being, and asked Stanley to wait where he was till measures could be planned. A messenger was hastily despatched in answer. Nine days later the smoke of a steamer curled on

the horizon ; and as daylight faded the Governor of Equatoria appeared in Stanley's camp. The meeting was an anticlimax. The burly rescuer and his officers, in stained, patched, shabby clothes and broken boots, with followers whose nakedness was emphasised by their scraps of dirty rag, greeted a slim, neat man, with black moustache and beard, who looked ten years younger than his age, wore a perfect-fitting snowy cotton suit and was accompanied by a bodyguard as tidy as himself. On the way he had presented Stanley's envoy with a cigar left behind three years before by Junker, a favour Stanley reciprocated by producing five half-bottles of champagne, which were drunk by candle-light in the windy tent while the Zanzibaris danced and shrieked outside. Next day, His Excellency, dressed in a blue uniform with golden stars, entertained Stanley on board the steamer *Khedive*. With the years his benevolence and politeness had grown almost fanatical ; and while listening to the dismal story of the expedition he inwardly resolved to present to his guest, at the earliest opportunity, a pair of shoes.

The ten years of Emin's rule had left that remarkable man unchanged, save that they had taught him the secrets of African ornithology and stored fresh languages in his polyglot head. During all that time, without relief or holiday, he

had governed by conciliation a country equal to Ireland in extent and turbulence, with no other aid than that of a wandering Italian geographer, a Tunisian Jew apothecary, a Greek merchant, and a band of Egyptian officers, half of whom were rebels or criminals sent to Equatoria instead of prison. He had ruled his penitentiary by dignity and benevolence; and because the strayed scientist knew so many valuable secrets, material and medical, his cut-throats had disguised from him the narrow nature of his power and rendered him lip-service and seeming obedience. Nevertheless, though neither Emin nor Junker, when appealing for European assistance, gave any hint of a mutinous tendency in the troops, one of the two Soudanese battalions had for some time been increasingly insubordinate, and was in definite revolt at the time of Stanley's arrival. Perhaps Emin's reticence was excusable; he was fond and proud of his men and knew very well the strain of isolation; but his silence misled Stanley. Seeing the steamer in excellent order, discipline apparently maintained, and the Governor confident, he supposed that internally all was well in the equatorial province.

It may be that if Emin had been left to pursue his own queer way, he might have regained the support of his refractory followers. It may be.

What is certain is that, instead of wishing to escape to Europe, he was haunted by a vague vision of a self-supporting Negroid empire ruled in the native or the British interest by a learned white pasha, with the aid of loyal troops, upon the Liberal principles expounded years before by Gordon under the trees at Lado. In his mind's eye he saw the Soudanese, Madi, Bari and Wanyoro dwell together in peace beneath the limes and lemons he had brought into that land; and it was this vision that gave him eloquence when he appealed to Gordon's countrymen for aid.

Whether or no it could have been translated into reality must remain for ever an open question; for Emin was rudely wakened from his dream by the arrival of the rescue party. When the enthusiasm of the champagne and that first meeting had worn away, Stanley presented his letter of instructions from the Khedive, which, though partly illegible, was clear enough in its renouncement of the province and its suggestion of withdrawal. The Governor and his followers might, if they so wished, remain in Equatoria in isolated independence; but if so they were to expect no further help from Egypt. To this unwelcome announcement Stanley added a strong recommendation of withdrawal as, in the circumstances, the proper policy. In his view Equatoria

was 500 miles too far inland for the maintenance of communications; and he therefore urged Emin to consider what his position would be if he chose to remain after the departure of the Relief Expedition. For how long could he hold out in Central Africa, even with fresh stores? On the other hand, if he was ready to return to Europe, he would have the benefit of expert, armèd escort to the coast. It was for Emin to choose. Stanley, who was testing his man, for the moment said nothing as to Leopold's or McKinnon's projects.

Such an attitude was entirely unexpected by Emin.

In the unravelling of this complicated episode it is extremely difficult to be fair to both protagonists. To these two men, so oddly met in Africa, the situation wore very different aspects. Stanley saw a difficult task brought to the first stage of a successful conclusion. He had been instructed to penetrate to Emin and offer his help if it was needed, and, despite unexpectable difficulties, here he was. It was true that until the arrival of the rear column with the main goods of the expedition he could not give effect to the Khedive's alternatives, which were that Emin should be offered escort to safety or handed the relief stores and left to make what he could of the Province;

but the stores were on the way, or could be fetched from Yambuya. Despite the loss of life and many delays to which he had been subjected, Stanley began to see himself successful in this, as in his other missions.

To the long-suffering Governor, on the other hand, this eagerly expected expedition seemed less a relief than a fresh trial. The prospects of English aid had supported him in his isolation; it was the argument by which he had pacified his malcontents and cheered his loyalists. England, everywhere the friend of civilisation, would, he was convinced, intervene effectively as soon as she was aware of the peril threatening his state. No doubt Equatoria would become part of the British Empire; but he would have welcomed that. He was prepared to treat with private British capitalists. What he was not prepared for was an expedition in tatters, which for good or bad reasons had left behind the stores he so urgently needed, led by a man who seemed to think that his main duty was to escort Emin from a position which he had repeatedly declared he would never abandon. Emin was too oriental and polite to exclaim bitterly that he had never asked for help merely to get away, and that having held his post against a thousand dangers he had no wish to relinquish it because Stanley had left

his stores behind ; but these were his thoughts. Moreover, though he tried to be grateful, he could not like Stanley.

We often say that extremes meet, but the phrase might truly be applied in this instance, for Stanley and Emin represent those types of human ability between which repulsion is a natural law. The explorer was direct and self-reliant, with a habit of tactless candour, few illusions, a preference for coercive measures, great expertness in presenting his own case and a strong love for the centre of the stage. Emin was still the reticent, tidy, scientific, disinterested, mystery-loving creature who had masqueraded in Khartoum, though behind his poses and harlequin-like egotism there was a profound negative power. Unfortunately it was no longer the power demanded by the situation, and from this point onwards his virtues joined with his rescuer in his undoing. The secret of Emin's strength was pliability ; when the need arose he could not be unbending. He could endure but not dominate ; he could persuade but not command. Twenty years of uninterrupted residence in tropical countries had robbed him of the power of quick decision. Faced thus by a resolute rescuer, he lacked the moral courage to send Stanley packing ; yet the thought of departure was an agony.

When Stanley was satisfied by Emin's obvious disappointment that the Governor had no wish to leave his post, he disclosed the two proposals concealed up his sleeve. King Leopold, he declared, was willing to take over and subsidise the Equatorial province, provided Emin was prepared to maintain communications with the Congo State. Alternatively, if Emin preferred, he could transfer his forces to the territory near the Victoria Nyanza which McKinnon and the Imperial British East Africa Company were preparing to develop, and so enter British service. The first of these plans Emin instantly rejected; Stanley's misadventures showed that a line of communications through the forest would be virtually impossible; but the second, subject to the agreement of his people, he accepted. At his request Stanley drafted a proclamation calculated to induce the troops to leave the country, and then, having received clothes, boots, tobacco, pickles and thousands of pounds of grain from the man he had come to Africa to relieve, departed to find his own stores and lost rear column, of which nothing had been heard since he had left it at Yambuya twelve months before. Mounteney Jephson, one of his officers, was left with Emin to read the proclamation and assemble the people for departure.

Unfortunately ill news travels apace, and it was soon known throughout the province that Stanley's party had arrived in rags after losing more than half its number in a frightful forest into which the rescuer had disappeared again, perhaps never to return. Emin's followers were no more desirous of leaving Equatoria than their leader was and far more emphatic in declining the invitation. Nevertheless the Governor continued to tour the country, reading Stanley's proclamation to incredulous ears, until one day a trooper stepped from the ranks, declared Stanley to be an impostor with forged papers and accused Emin of wishing to sell the soldiers as slaves to the British. His Excellency bravely seized the rebel by the throat, but instantly the troop was in an uproar. No blood was shed, but that evening Emin was a guarded prisoner at Labore.

There followed in Stanley's absence an extraordinary insurrection, a revolution to maintain the *status quo*. For three months the troops enjoyed unlicensed liberty, while Emin pondered and pondered, still without a decision, in varying degrees of captivity. The curious situation was ended by the unexpected appearance in the north of the long discussed and discounted Mahdist barbarians, sworn foes to Egyptian rule. It began to become plain to the rebel council that

Khartoum *had* fallen, and that Stanley was no liar. The disconcerted rebels in their predicament turned for advice to Emin as their *official* leader. Had the Governor been a man of action it is probable that he could have regained his power as he did his freedom ; but he was quite unable to assert himself. Stanley's lieutenant added to the confusion in his mind by insisting that as the people had thrown off his authority he had no further responsibility to them, and that it was therefore his duty to be ready for departure when Stanley returned. Emin half assented, but would not say definitely that he would leave the province, even if permitted.

He was still a prisoner on parole, still temporising, when Stanley reappeared in January 1889. Affairs had gone badly for him too. With characteristic hardihood he had repeated step by step his awful and famous forest march, only to find his rearguard a mere ninety miles from the point to which he had conducted it in 1887. The column had fallen to pieces almost by its own weight. Its commander had been assassinated, its officers were sick or absent, the stores were spoiled or stolen, half the force was dead and the survivors were sick with manioc poisoning.

The causes of these disasters were deep laid. In his eagerness to reach Emin, Stanley had placed

too heavy a burden on the officers he left behind with the rear column and the stores. The commander, Major Barttelot, had been told in his instructions that it had been arranged with Tippoo Tib that the latter should supply 600 carriers to bring up the stores to Emin and carry back his ivory. Tippoo had, indeed, contracted for the task; but as soon as Stanley was out of sight he changed his mind and began to bamboozle the inexperienced officers left behind with promises whose fulfilment he time and again delayed, knowing full well that there was every chance of the rear column disintegrating in due course under the stress of inactivity and idleness. If he could have been certain that Stanley had perished in the forest he would doubtless have given short shrift to the wrecked force at Yambuya and taken by force the stores intended for Emin's relief; but his past experience of the redoubtable Stanley compelled caution. Meanwhile, watching like a cat over a mouse, he waited; though in the end his plans were frustrated by Stanley's return.

These circumstances, which explain rather than extenuate the collapse of the rear column, were not immediately apparent to Stanley. He was unexpectedly confronted with the virtual wreck of his expedition; and when he learned that, among the other follies of his subordinates, his

clothes and his madeira had been sent downstream *for safety* and were out of reach, the vexed commander lost his self-control and wrote letters to Europe blaming his dead and ailing officers in unsparing terms, letters never forgiven by the friends and relatives of those officers, letters that ultimately involved him in the most undignified incident of his career. In the worst of spirits he turned back to Equatoria, braving for the third time the customary horrors of that awful forest, watching again disease and starvation wreak havoc on his men, only to be met at the lakeside by the news of the revolt against his proposal of evacuation.

When he learned that Emin, in spite of the changed circumstances, was still undecided whether to go or stay, and that it was therefore probable that, despite all his efforts, he might yet be forced to return having accomplished nothing, Stanley exploded into cold fury and in a sharp letter tendered to Emin what was left of the relief stores, demanding in turn a formal receipt, and adding that he would wait twenty days and no more for those – Emin or others – wishing to avail themselves of his escort to safety : after that time he should make the best of his way home.

Even Emin began to see that the game was up and Equatoria lost. Affairs might easily have

been otherwise, but they were not; and he replied that he would be glad of Stanley's safe-conduct. At the same time he insisted that he had a duty to his people; if he was to be rescued, they must be rescued too; without them he would not start, and, as Stanley's letter had been delayed for nine of the specified twenty days, he concluded that the time-interval would be exhausted before the people could be ready, and therefore he bade Stanley farewell and a safe journey. It was a noble though ineffectual gesture by the betrayed Governor, for those in whose interests he thus offered once more to isolate himself were his rebellious and ungrateful troops. But the sacrifice was rejected, and, paradoxically, by the rebels themselves. They were uneasy and divided in council. The reality of the Mahdist menace had convinced some of Stanley's integrity; others were fearful of the future without the Pasha; while others, the men of the mountain, favoured the execution of Emin in the best revolutionary manner. After much correspondence and week after week of delay, preparations for the great trek were begun; refugees flooded into Stanley's camp, all with dozens of loads, bringing their household goods, even to the stones for pounding grain, to be carried by the expedition's much tried porters. Impatient but restrained, Stanley

allowed extension after extension of time rather than return to Europe without Emin ; but when, after two months of organisation, he discovered a conspiracy having as its object the forcible acquisition of his arms and ammunition, he decided that it was no longer safe to stay, and so, on May 8th, 1889, Emin reluctantly concurring, the retreat was begun. As, in the circumstances, the relief ammunition was no longer needed, twenty-five of the cases which had been brought so far at the cost of so many lives were buried in the ground !

It is a tribute to Stanley's wonderful power of leadership that the 1,200-mile journey to Zanzibar, much of it through hostile and unexplored country, was made without disaster. The way lay in strange places ; over the Ruwenzori range, those Mountains of the moon, described by Ptolemy and Herodotus but never before seen by modern European ; round the Victoria Nyanza, which Stanley had himself circumnavigated twelve years before ; and so on home through Unyamwezi. In passing, mindful of McKinnon, Stanley made treaties with the chiefs securing the country for the British interest. No more was said of settling Emin and his rebellious followers in a new land ; doubtless Stanley felt that they would be a liability rather than an asset to a new

colony. As to the fate of the armed Soudanese force which had been left behind in mid-Africa with two steamers and all the apparatus of government, he neither knew nor cared. The local savages whom they had so long oppressed would doubtless deal with them.

But the journey did not pass without dissension. In that mixed, incongruous procession there was as much variety in grievance as in race. Not even the opiate of scientific research by the wayside could bring to Emin forgetfulness of his lost province and lost dignity. He had no real wish to return to Europe with his half-caste daughter, to be a Mohammedan among Christians, an alien amid his own people. The Zanzibari porters grumbled at the loads they carried for the rescued Egyptians, and the Egyptians grumbled at their lack of ease and the thought of the harems left behind them. As for the officers of the expedition, who had engaged without pay in the privilege of this adventure, they were disgusted by the lack of gratitude and general worthlessness of the six hundred souls saved by their endeavours. Even Stanley, who could at least compliment himself on having succeeded in his undertaking, was oppressed by a sense of futility and waste. England and Europe, however, were unaware of these undercurrents. When at last the long journey

came to an end in German East Africa outside Zanzibar, the cable-wires sang with messages of congratulation. In the eyes of the rejoicing committee and the jubilant newspapers the rescue party had succeeded in a glorious, daring, and necessary venture : so strange a face can Truth wear if viewed across an ocean.

CHAPTER VI

SIR HENRY MORTON STANLEY

IT was a deep irony that whereas Stanley's two earlier expeditions to Africa, both of which had been completely successful, aroused in the main scepticism and hostility, this relief of Emin, which resulted only in the escorting of an unwilling Governor away from the scene of his labours, which proved so fruitlessly costly in life, time and money, brought the American (as he was still regarded) instant and absolute celebrity. The detonation of his success resounded through three continents. Before returning to Europe he halted in Cairo, which he reached in January 1890; and, very wisely, he wrote down before they could fade his memories of the extraordinary experiences he had recently endured. The European population of Cairo was frantic in its idolatry, and every post brought letters by the hundred from strangers eager to congratulate or beg for favours. Would Stanley sell at a fancy price the cap he had worn through Africa, asked one unknown admirer, adding that it should be carefully

kept in a glass case. "Will you kindly accord us your gracious permission to append your noble name and your photograph (might we ask for your autograph) to a first class quality of cigar and cigarette made by ourselves?" inquired another. Might an Austrian enthusiast bring forty compatriots to shake his hand? Would he dine on his return with the Corporation of London, the Fishmongers' Company, the Savage Club, the Burgomaster of Brussels? Even little girls at school wrote to tell him that they were fond of geography, anxious to go round the world or glad that he had rescued Emin. Astonished and reticent, Stanley laboured day after day at his book, gratified, impassive, constantly disturbed by telegrams of congratulation from Europe. Queen Victoria, the Kaiser, King Leopold and the American President joined in the applause.

In fifty days Stanley wrote the 400,000 words of his most famous book, *In Darkest Africa, or the Quest, Rescue and Retreat of Emin Pasha.* Such was the eagerness with which it was awaited that over 20,000 copies were subscribed, despite its high price, before it was issued. It deserves to be read, for, despite its hasty composition (of which, indeed, there is remarkably little trace), it remains one of the most entertaining and exciting works of its kind in English.

From Cairo the returned wanderer moved to Cannes to meet McKinnon, and thence by way of Paris to Brussels, where he was received with military and civil honours. On his way to the palace (he was to stay with the King) the way was lined with troops and shouting people. Reception followed reception, state, municipal, geographical; he was awarded gold medals, silver medals, the Grand Cross of Leopold, the Grand Cross of the Congo. Meanwhile, unmoved, within the palace walls, the object of all this consideration concerted with the ruler of the Congo State measures which should summarily break the power of the perfidious Tippoo Tib, against whom, meanwhile, he had entered a claim for £10,000 in the Zanzibar courts.

Stanley reached England again on April 26th, 1890, three years after his departure for Equatoria. A cheering crowd greeted his special train; the Baroness and Mr. Burdett-Coutts met him with their carriage. Again dinner succeeded dinner, banquet banquet. Perhaps the most staggering was that arranged by American residents in London, held in the Portman rooms on May 30th. The committee and honorary stewards included Hiram Maxim, P. T. Barnum, and the painter Whistler. A silver shield two feet high richly embossed with African scenes was presented to

the intrepid hero of the occasion, who manfully ate his seven courses while the band of the Grenadier Guards played various and patriotic airs. The menu distributed on this costly occasion contained silk-hinged full-page photographs of each of the surviving officers of the expedition, and the whole was bound in heavy calf with the name STANLEY surmounting the American eagle hideously tooled on the front cover.

His publishers arranged another vast "spread" in the following month, at which it was announced that translations of *In Darkest Africa* had already appeared in Germany, France, Italy, Spain, Norway, Sweden, Holland and Hungary, and that Russian and Arabic arrangements were in progress. The unobtrusive white-haired little traveller had become a social "lion," whom it was a privilege to meet, in whose honour distinguished hostesses gave "Stanley dinners." Adventurous boys made the explorer their model and their hero, and the news of his whirlwind engagement to the cultured and beautiful Dorothy Tennant, followed by his marriage in Westminster Abbey shortly afterwards, delighted the sentimental masses. Melchet Court was lent for the honeymoon by Lady Ashburton; and after a severe attack of malaria and gastritis, Stanley convalesced fashionably in Switzerland.

But this untroubled celebrity did not last. On his return to England a storm which had been blowing up for over a year burst upon his head. It arose from that unlucky decision of Stanley's, early in his quest for Emin, to leave behind him at Yambuya a rear column which was to bring up the relief stores with the aid of porters to be furnished by Tippoo Tib. It will be remembered that from various causes, though largely owing to Tippoo's breach of contract, this rear column met with numerous disasters and collapsed. The officer in charge, Major E. M. Barttelot, was murdered ; Mr. J. S. Jameson, a wealthy young naturalist, died from illness accentuated by hardship ; and neither of the two remaining officers, J. Rose Troup and Herbert Ward, was able to accompany Stanley when he assembled the fragments of the broken column and marched it to Equatoria. Stanley's report of the collapse, as rendered to the Emin Relief Committee, made it very clear that he blamed his subordinates ; and later he spoke of the rear column as " wrecked by the irresolution of its officers, neglect of their promises, and indifference to their written orders." Such phrases naturally gave umbrage both to the surviving officers and to the relatives of the two who had died ; but the issue was not publicly joined till after the publication of

Stanley's account of the whole matter in *In Darkest Africa*, wherein he repeated and amplified his blame and allegations. Thereupon those concerned retorted the accuser's accusations against himself and strove to prove that the fault for the expedition's heavy loss of life was solely its commander's : that he ought never to have left the rear column to fend for itself, that his charges against the dead were untrue as well as dishonourable, and that he had taken credit for Emin's geographical discoveries as well as for his own. Major Barttelot was well connected ; and the publication of the dead officer's Congo diary, with stinging comments by his brother, was a herald to a Press campaign against Stanley (Ward, Troup, and Jameson's widow also attacked him) which began to throw a totally new light on the Emin episode. And meanwhile fresh fuel for the controversy was found in the actions of Emin himself.

On his way to the coast the dissatisfaction of the Governor of Equatoria at the turn of events created by the rescue-party had expressed itself in a moody and increasing touchiness ; and, on his arrival at Bagamoyo (which, in the years that had passed since Stanley's entry into Africa, had become German territory), his resentment against his rescuer was barely concealed. Meanwhile his

compatriots made much of him. At a dinner arranged by the local Imperial German Commissioner, the short-sighted Emin mistook a window for a door, fell from the first floor to the ground and nearly met a very unexpected death. When he recovered, after treatment in the German hospital by a German physician, he displayed an anti-British bias as uncompromising as his former Anglo-philic enthusiasm. To the numerous friendly offers and invitations he received from England he made short, cold replies, and he allowed Stanley to sail without a farewell. His relations with the Khedive, his nominal employer, were no more cordial : he declined to go to Cairo as definitely as to London, and resigned his office by telegram. Finally, to the indignation of those who had paid for his rescue, he entered the service of the German Government.

This unexpected ending to Stanley's greatest exploit supplied his critics with an excellent handle. The general disappointment was expressed in the *Standard,* which reflected that " although, perhaps, it may have been worth while to relieve Emin in order to afford Stanley an opportunity of further adding to his laurels as an explorer, it was certainly not worth while to relieve him for the purpose of presenting the German government with a new and experienced

leader of expeditions calculated to open a route into the centre of Africa." *Punch* and the music-halls gagged on the theme that Stanley " went to find Emin and found him out " ; and the newly crowned Emperor Wilhelm II aroused enthusiasm on the Rhine by referring to the " forcible abduction " of Emin Pasha from his province.

As a consequence of these events and controversies, Stanley's fashionable popularity vanished almost overnight. The legends of his rough-handed treatment of the natives were revived ; and one witty critic wrote that " Dorothy Tennant always said she would marry a lion ; and she certainly has married the king of beasts." The erstwhile " lion " was cold-shouldered by many who six months before had been eager to entertain him, and the names of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley were deleted from invitation lists. The deletions left their victims quite unmoved. Brusque as ever, Stanley pursued his own way and refused to yield an inch in the discussions over the rear column. Meanwhile his book remained a popular favourite ; indeed, it proved a blessing to more publishers than his own, for, apart from the diaries and diatribes issued in the course of the rear column counterblast, all the survivors of the equatorial adventure, even Emin's Italian friend, even his Tunisian apothecary, burdened the

world with large tomes relating, asserting or denying the rightness of the rescue. The only person concerned who added nothing to the discussion was the Pasha himself, already far away in Africa hurrying back to the province from which he had been so expensively detached.

It was doubtless a relief to Stanley to turn, from the controversies in which he had become involved, to America, which gave him a vivid welcome during the lecture tour on which he now embarked. With his wife he travelled through the states in a special Pullman car which had been named the Henry M. Stanley. When he returned, a year had passed and public attention was turned to other matters ; he was free to shape the rest of his life without continual reminders of his one great mistake.

Even now there was still speculation concerning his birth and origin. There were, of course, many who knew that he was John Rowlands of Denbigh ; but Stanley maintained his characteristic reticence, even when one Thomas George essayed to prove that the explorer was really his schoolmate Howell Jones of Bwlchmelyn. In reply to a letter from Mr. George, announcing his intention of writing a biography asserting Howell Jones's identity with Henry

Morton Stanley, Stanley, instead of denial, answered :

" DEAR SIR,

" Your letter has been received. Further than this acknowledgment I do not know that I have anything to add, excepting that you are at liberty, so far as I am concerned, to do whatever you think your duty prompts you to.

" Yours truly,

" HENRY M. STANLEY."

This indifference did not deter the enthusiastic George ; he produced his misleading book and offered to send a copy to Stanley, who, still not to be drawn, replied : " I shall have no objection to receive a copy of the ' biography,' provided, of course, that it is no inconvenience to you to send it." But, perhaps moved by this incident, he set to work on an autobiography, in which, since " my prospects cannot now be blasted by gibes, nor advancement thwarted by prejudice . . . I can lay bare all circumstances which have attended me from the dawn of consciousness to this present period of indifference. I may tell how I came into existence, and how that existence was moulded by contact with others ; how my nature developed under varying influences, and

what, after life's severe tests, is the final outcome of it." Unfortunately, this autobiography was never finished; but the first half, published posthumously, has a stereoscopic sharpness of detail and feeling.

Though Stanley's physique was exceptional, and his general health excellent, the alarming fits of fever which from time to time prostrated him warned his devoted and charming wife that another expedition to Africa would almost certainly kill him; and, to occupy the mind of her active husband, she cajoled him into politics. He contested North Lambeth as a Liberal-Unionist, and to his disgust was howled down at the first meeting. He lost at the polls, but the majority against him was only 132, and he was encouraged to continue. He rested, he lectured, and he remained the adviser of the King of the Belgians. He exacted a heavy revenge for his wrecked rear-column, for now, behind the scenes, he helped to break the power of Tippoo Tib and his slave-raiding forces. The history of the extraordinary campaign of 1892, in which the Congo State, employing cannibal against cannibal, secured unexpected victory after victory against the well-armed, superior forces of the Congo Arabs, will perhaps never fully be written. One unforeseen consequence of it was the downfall of Emin.

The unfortunate scientist, in the course of his wanderings, official and unofficial, on behalf of Germany, very nearly equalled Stanley's feat of crossing Africa from side to side; but, when almost in safety near the Congo, he was met by the retreating, dispossessed Arabs, who had been defeated by Leopold's army, and murdered in circumstances of dramatic brutality. It was the breaking point of the chain of strange events that had linked the two adventurers.

But Stanley survived. At fifty-four, old age for an African explorer, he entered Parliament. The bluff pioneer, used to the *shauris* and palavers of negroes and Arabs, viewed the House of Commons with a critical eye as he made his maiden speech. On the whole he was not very much impressed; still, Parliament helped to keep him busy. He in turn made little impression on the House, though his influence and advocacy were perhaps the factor which decided Lord Rosebery, the Prime Minister, to accept Uganda as a British protectorate. He adopted an infant son, in whose progress he maintained a profound parental interest. The malarial attacks, legacy of Africa, began to recur more frequently; any day his wife might return to find him in bed covered with coats and quilts, in shivering need of hot-water bottles. Sometimes the Stanleys travelled. He

spent a half-year in Australia ; and in 1897, at the invitation of the citizens of Buluwayo, sailed for South Africa to assist in the opening of the new railway. Alert as ever, his astute eye saw the possibilities of Rhodesia. In the course of his travels through the country he met Kruger and became convinced that nothing but the remedy of force would shake the obstinate, narrow-minded patriot. The feebleness of England's conciliatory manner roused Stanley's lamentations. A resolute, firm attitude and intention might, he thought, avert much killing later ; he prophesied the Boer war. But very little notice was taken of his timely warnings ; and the ageing but still formidable explorer began to be bored by the House of Commons. Sometimes in the smoking-room he could be induced to talk vividly about Africa to a few sympathetic friends, but for the most part he seemed out of place at Westminster, and it was with relief that, as the century ended, he shook himself free. In the autumn of 1898 he decided to look for a house in the country and settled on Furze Hill, Pirbright, Surrey, a substantial, commodious, pseudo-Tudor Victorian residence. Energetic as ever, he decided to add a new wing and busied himself with the planning of walks and bridges, replacing wooden window-frames with stone, installing electric light and " a

very complete fire engine," and a thousand other details. A little wood near the house was nicknamed the Aruwimi forest ; a stream was called Congo ; and the fields bore such territorial titles as Unyamwezi, Mazamboni and Katunzi.

Official recognition of his astonishing career was given in 1899, and, by virtue of the tardy G.C.B., it was as Sir Henry Morton Stanley that John Rowlands, Bula Matari, entered into possession of his house ; possession, but not occupation. For two more years, living for the most part in London, he continued to make alterations to Furze Hill. Everything was " ready at last " at Easter 1903, when he welcomed his wife to the home he had remade for her. Even the canisters of tapioca, flour and soap in the store-room (filled as for a siege) were neatly ticketed in his hand.

The Stanleys were not to enjoy Furze Hill together for long. A fortnight later, in the night, Lady Stanley was awakened by a cry, to find her hero without speech, paralysed on the left side. During spring, summer, autumn, Stanley lay so, uncomplaining. Later he was able to spend most of the day in an invalid-chair on the lawn, while old friends comforted him. Speech had returned, but he was still unable to walk and could not concentrate without fatigue. Those who watched marvelled at his self-control. He lingered

(removed back to London) until May 9th, 1904. As four o'clock sounded from Big Ben he murmured: "So that is Time: strange"; and two hours later the Columbus of the nineteenth century peacefully died. The shadow of opposition followed him to the last; the Dean of Westminster would not allow the great explorer to be buried as he had wished in the Abbey near Livingstone. His body was taken to the village churchyard of his country home, and rests beneath a granite monolith lettered

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HENRY MORTON
STANLEY
BULA MATARI
1841–1904
AFRICA

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It is impossible for a reasonable man, in reviewing Stanley's career, not to be struck with admiration and pity. He was a man of action who never failed in anything he undertook, yet whose life was a series of disappointments. Disbelief and dislike were the background of his accomplishments. He relieved Livingstone, to find not only

his motives, but even the fact, questioned. He discovered the course of the Congo, and the richness of its basin, but found no supporter in his own country, and perforce had to found a colony under a foreign flag. He pierced the appalling Aruwimi forest to rescue Emin, only to find his heroism vain and unnecessary. His gifts were never thought worthy of use by the Government of his own country; greater honour has been given to minor colonial administrators than that which was in the end conferred on him; and even the privileged resting-place among the great was denied to his body.

Of that last disappointment he was fortunately unaware; but there was another, far deeper, to cloud his last years. Of all his achievements, the founding of the Congo Free State most fully expressed the capacity and creed of this Victorian empire-builder. Stanley firmly believed in the virtues of the civilisation he embodied, in its progress, and its application to undeveloped races. To his mind there was no doubt that savage Africa would reap manifold advantages by intercourse with Europe; he believed it as profoundly as Emin or Gordon; and there was nothing insincere in the ideals of "philanthropic capitalism" which he avowed when working with and for King Leopold. But he was fated to live long enough to

see his ideals overclouded by greed, to see the Force which had been one of the laws of his being become brutalised. The Congo Free State did not, during his lifetime, justify the high hopes he had rested on it ; on the contrary, he saw it held up to criticism as one of the scandals of the century, and its rule reproached as a form of slavery worse than that imposed by Tippoo Tib. It is unnecessary to narrate in detail the later history of that state, to tell how its ruler adroitly escaped from the international fetters which he had voluntarily assumed ; of how the State became Belgian in its rulers and despotic in its form of rule ; or of the unscrupulous maladministration by which a return for the money sunk in its soil was squeezed from its people. These things happened, and they have since been corrected ; but, as Stanley's life closed, the outcry against Leopold's misgovernment was becoming articulate ; it found its spokesman in that Charles Dilke whom Stanley had admired for his knowledge of Africa in the House of Commons, and must have been very sad and mournful hearing for the dying sponsor of the Congo State.

Yet even if the Congo State had collapsed, as at one time seemed probable and was confidently expected, it would have been no fault of Stanley's and no ground for criticism of him. His part in

it was done with intelligence, justice and thoroughness ; later developments did not lie in his hands. History will judge him by what he did and by the books in which, with characteristic bluntness and detail, he recorded his experiences and his achievements. Henry Morton Stanley offers a remarkable example of the virtues of the pioneer, of those men who cannot be explained save in terms of the actions by which they explain themselves. His personality and will, and the achievements which were based on them, remain as a memorable testimony to the development which lies within the reach of all who possess by birth – or can acquire – sufficient self-control to withstand adverse circumstances and triumphantly support the privilege of life.

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It may be noted that a study of Stanley by Mr. Jacob Wasserman has recently been translated into English. Mr. Wasserman, presumably writing far from English sources of information, has permitted himself a number of assumptions regarding Stanley's character and actions, and the reasons for the collapse of Barttelot's rear column, which, in the opinion of the present writer, cannot be justified.

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